THE BYSTANDER
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FEBRUARY 12, 1930
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EGYPT OF THE HOUR

the BYSTANDER

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in

The Illustrated
SPORTING & DRAMATIC News

On Sale on Friday **One Shilling**

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BYSTANDER

MISS GRACIE FIELDS

The popular vaudeville favourite, whose success in "The Show's The Thing" proves conclusively that it is less the show than Gracie Fields. The above photograph was specially taken in colour for THE BYSTANDER

Raphael

Avoid that skid!

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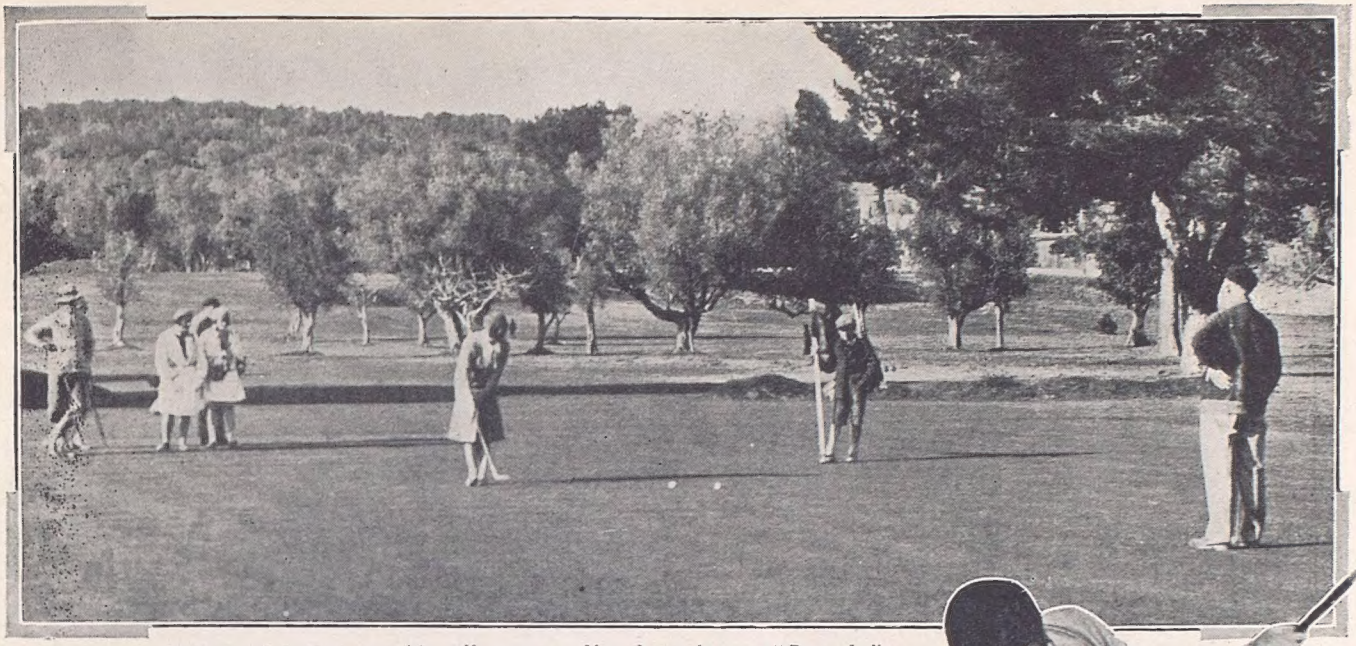
with an even greater reserve of strength for particularly arduous running conditions

C.F.H.41

DUNLOP
grips the earth



A scene on the third green of the Cagnes-sur-Mer golf course, near Nice, during the recent "Bystander" Mixed Foursome Competition. The winners were Mr. C. F. Collin and Miss Collin, who met Mr. and Mrs. J Carnes in the final

The Passing Hour

EGYPT has been somewhat neglected of late years by those who leave England to winter abroad, but now this resort appears to be recovering its popularity. On the last voyage of the Viceroy of India—surely one of the finest ships in the P. and O. fleet, and replete with every form of luxury—there were many notabilities seeking the sunshine of Egypt. Among the passengers she carried were Sir Ian Malcolm, who was combining business with pleasure, as he had work to do in connection with the Suez Canal Co., Mr. and Mrs. Washington Singer, Lady Evelyn Cobbold, and Sir Algernon and Lady Firth. Also on board making the voyage to India were the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland with their son, Earl Percy, the Marchioness of Titchfield, and the Maharaja of Rewa with his wife, two children, and an extremely extensive retinue.

At Sandringham

RELUCTANTLY, the King and Queen will leave Sandringham next Monday. Whatever their affection for Buckingham Palace and London, there is not the repose and intimacy, the freedom and simple domesticity that are to be enjoyed in their Norfolk home, and neither can the Queen, when at Windsor or in London, participate in the close personal direction of her household as she can at Sandringham.

Their stay in Norfolk has been unaccompanied by many visitors, though the King's Chaplain has been down for several week-ends. He is the Rev. Patrick McCormick, Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and one of the outstanding personalities in the English Church to-day. His father, Canon McCormick, was also Chaplain to the King.

Photographs Sport and General

Miss Barry playing from a bunker during "The Bystander" Cup Competition at Cagnes

Mr. W. Hallas, a Yorkshire player who took part in "The Bystander" Competition at Cagnes. He is seen driving from the sixth tee

When France plays England in the International Rugby match it is not unlikely that the King's Chaplain will be among the spectators, for before the War he played for Blackheath and Transvaal. He is also a keen cricketer, and the Pavilion at Lord's finds him a frequent visitor during the summer.

It is improbable that the King will witness the forthcoming England-France match, and in all probability the Duke of York will greet the players in his stead. London will welcome the sight of the Royal Standard floating once again above Buckingham Palace, for during the past

ENTERTAINING THE DELEGATES

weeks London has been empty of all the immediate members of the Royal Family, most of them having been away hunting.

Are Navies Now Obsolete?

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK will be present at Lady Londonderry's banquet and reception at Londonderry House for the delegates to the Naval Conference on February 19, which will be a memorable social occasion for most of them, and, socially at least, the Conference has up to now been a tremendous success.

I wonder, however, if it ever occurs to any of the delegates that this Conference may be one gigantic waste of time and money? Not that their efforts at world peace are futile, or that their attempts to restrict naval competition are not laudatory, but is not the very weapon of war, which occupies their discussions, likely to be entirely obsolete within the next few years? Of what use are battleships, cruisers, destroyers against vast fleets of aircraft? We have seen the development of seaplanes in Germany, and the improvement of the airship in this country. Are these not the cruisers and battleships of the future? Upon these it might be more profitable to concentrate schemes of disarmament.

THE DUCAL MARRIAGE MYSTERY *Topical Press*

The Duke of Westminster and his fiancée, Miss Loelia Ponsonby, who have lately been indulging in a game of hide-and-seek with reference to their wedding. They are seen arriving at the Gare St. Lazare from the Duke's château at Saint Saens

Central News

Lady Doria Pelham-Clinton-Hope, the daughter of the Duke of Newcastle, and her fiancé, Mr. Freddie Childe, son of the late Colonel Childe, of the Indian Army. Their engagement was announced within nine weeks of their first meeting

A Londonderry House Reception

LADY LONDONDERRY, who will leave in the minds of her American, French, Italian, and Japanese guests the memory of a tall

A SPORTSMAN'S ENGAGEMENT *P. and A.*

Sir Thomas Gordon Devitt, Bart., the Army and International Rugby player, and his fiancée, Miss Joan Mary Freemantle, of Pyrford, Surrey. Sir Thomas is a Lieutenant in the Seaforth Highlanders

SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS

Central News

Princess Ileana, the youngest daughter of Queen Marie of Roumania, and aunt of the boy King Michael. She is officially announced to be engaged to Count Alexander Frederick Lexel Hochberg

and gracious woman, standing at the top of the marble staircase at Londonderry House, her hair encircled by a coronet, has been far away from all such ceremonious responsibilities. Until the private performance of the "Round Table" recently held at her house she had been hunting in Leicestershire, than which there is no keener enjoyment for her.

A Protest

RECENTLY she protested against the edict that all women riders at this year's Richmond Horse Show must be mounted side-saddle. It may be easier for a woman to ride astride, but she looks her best riding side-saddle, and what the Horse Show is concerned with is the encouragement of the art of training horses to "carry a lady" in the traditional manner.

I hear, by the way, that the Cheshire Hunt, who were recently advertising for a new Master, may be taken over by the Duke of Westminster's son-in-law, Mr. Filmer-Sankey. The Quorn, next season, will have a Joint-Mastership, for Sir Harold Nutting will be joining with the present Master, Major Algernon Burnaby.

Romance Asserts Itself

AFTER the grave words recently pronounced upon divorce by some of of the world's most renowned writers, Bertrand Russell, H. G. Wells, J. D. Beresford, and André Maurois, one is amazed that youth has the temerity to enter upon marriage at all. Yet, I suppose, there have seldom been so many engagements as in the past few weeks, and hardly a day passes but the Blue Train does not sweep some honeymoon couple off to the South of France. Two interesting engagements are those of Lady Millicent Taylour, Lord Bective's sister, and Mr. Henry Tiarks, the son of one of the Directors of the Bank of England, and that of Sir Thomas Devitt to Miss Joan Freemantle. When he was at

Olivia Wyndham

Count Alexander Frederick Lexel Hochberg, son of Daisy Princess Pless, whose engagement to Princess Ileana of Roumania has recently been announced. In order that the Princess may retain her rank the Count has been raised to the rank of Prince of the Royal Blood and is now a member of the Roumanian Regency

Cambridge Sir Thomas Devitt, was one of their outstanding Rugby "Blues," and later won his International cap, playing for England against Ireland, France, and Wales.

A Tzigane Band in London

NATURALLY, no engagement has eclipsed in interest that of the Duke of Westminster and Miss Loelia Ponsonby. At the moment the marriage is supposed to be taking place on the 20th of this month, but the Duke may possibly advance the date to avoid the too enthusiastic attentions of the Press.

There is a Tzigane band in London now, though by the time these lines appear they may have returned to Paris, that played some part in the

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A picturesque street in the native quarter of Old Cairo, where life moves at a true Eastern pace, and the motor gives pride of place—and pace—to the camel

PERSONALITIES IN THE HUNTING FIELD

Duke's engagement. In approaching the momentous question no man can be oblivious to the right and propitious moment, and the romantic strains of a Tzigane band have stirred a tremor in the most frigid heart. On several occasions the Duke and his fiancée went to Taglioni's, where this band was playing. The cynic will cry that they were no doubt engaged before that. He may be right, but I will not relinquish my illusions. The man who leads this Tzigane band is interesting. He conducts it with his face. Just as Sir Henry Wood uses a baton, so this man twists his facial muscles into expressions ranging from the agony of pianissimo to the exuberance and smiles of fortissimo. Sometimes he is almost painful to watch, as you feel he may hurt himself!

His name is Nitza Codolban, a Roumanian, and as the late King Ferdinand embraced him on both cheeks and gave him the Legion d'Honneur; as Poincaré and Millerand smiled upon him at the King's reception; as President Harding was hypnotised by the eloquence of his playing, and Clarence Mackay, the late cable king of America, was similarly enraptured by the Tzigane melodies, he might be in danger of underestimating the appreciation of a mere English duke, but not, I fancy, that of the Duke of Westminster.

TWO HUNTING STYLES L.N.A.

Now that the side-saddle is coming back into vogue, feminine hunting kit affords marked contrasts, as is proved in the above photograph, which shows Lady Catherine Willoughby, Mrs. Youngman and Mrs. Mountjoy-Fane chatting at a recent meet of the Cottesmore Hounds held at Wilds Lodge

An Exhibition of Old English Prints

WITH the exhibition of Old English furniture and plate at Lansdowne House last year it was discovered that Charity may be enriched other than by stage matinées and elaborate balls. Shortly afterwards Sir Philip Sassoon lent his house for an exhibition of silver, and now once again he is willingly submitting to the discomfort of various alterations to his library and ballroom in Park Lane for an exhibition of eighteenth-century portraits, which will open on March 3 in aid of hospitals.

Among those who are lending works are the Duke of York, Lord Gerald Wellesley, Viscount Bearsted, and Mr. Osbert Sitwell. Sir Philip's sister, Lady Cholmondeley, has lent an early portrait of the Cholmondeley family by Hogarth, and few of the other pictures by Zoffany, Devis, Hayman, Gainsborough, and Copley have ever been seen outside their owners' walls. Not only collectors, but the Curators of the National Gallery will be looking at them with envious thoughts.

Alfieri

Mrs. Balfour and her son John making friends with the hounds at a meet of the Whaddon Chase. It was held at Mentmore, the seat of the Master, the Earl of Rosebery

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

ROCK CRYSTAL. For a long way was in close attendance on the dashing Kingsford at Gatwick, over three miles, but failed to keep up the pace. Is in fine fettle and will win a minor event.

WESTERN FLIER. Right up to the "off" was in good demand to win the Maiden Hurdle at Gatwick. Beaten half a length. Was a good third to Ivory and Laminaria at Hurst Park.

RED CONRAD was quietly backed to win the Fulmer Selling Handicap Hurdle (two miles) at Plumpton. Was a good fourth. Blundered in a race at Newbury over a similar distance.

WINDSWEPT should win a good steeplechase in the North. At Manchester he finished fourth to Killadoon and occupied a similar position at Haydock Park in January.

BONANZA is expected to win an early hurdle race for Stanley Wootton, showed great promise at Gatwick where he made his first appearance over hurdles. Was fancied and was backed down to 3 to 1.

FOGHORN finished half a length behind St. Germaine in the Upton Handicap Steeplechase (two miles and 80 yards) at Warwick. Quietly supported. Ran well over two miles at Leicester last month.

CHEERFUL CASUALTIES

Express Photo

"ALL ON A HUNTING MORNING"

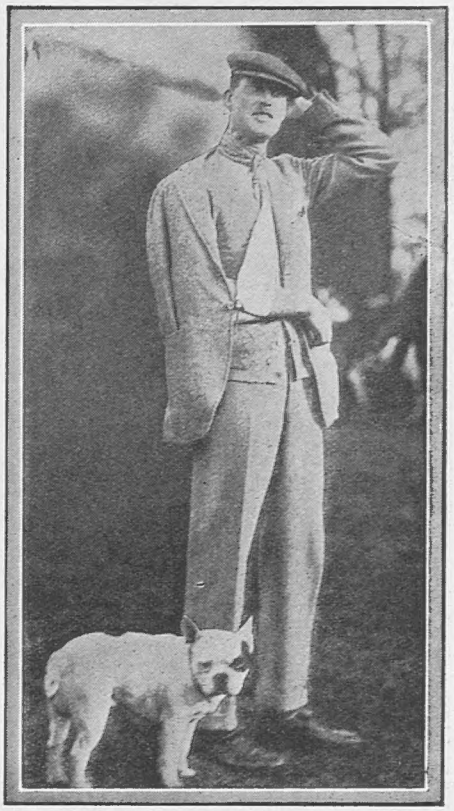
The Field moving off after a meet of the Grafton Hunt, held at Shalstone, near Brackley, Northants, the residence of Admiral Purefoy. During the day hounds had excellent sport

"Ned" Lathom Passes

THE theatre has lost a good friend in the fifth Earl of Lathom, whose death took place in London last week, at the early age of thirty-five. Since the War, Lord Lathom had interested himself wholeheartedly in the theatre, and spent a fortune in backing various theatrical enterprises, but although he was always willing to put money into the plays of other people he would never do so for one of his own. His first play, *Wet Paint,* was banned by the Censor, but this did not deter him from trying his luck again, and although the other plays of his which were produced, including *Twopence Coloured* and *The Way You Look at It,* were never box-office successes, they were by no means lacking in dramatic merit.

A Friend of the Theatre

DESPITE his failing health, "Ned" Lathom would never give up his hold on life, and right to the end he was interesting himself in plays and players. Although many people refused to take his work seriously—one of the penalties of bearing a titled name—he numbered very many well-known theatrical folk among his closest friends, and his passing will be genuinely



L.N.A.

There have been a number of accidents in the hunting field of late, and above is seen one of the victims, Mr. Stretton Dixon, who, in spite of a collar-bone broken only a few days previously, turned out to follow the Belvoir on foot

Express Photo

Lady Hillingdon at a meet of the Grafton Hunt recently held at Shalstone, near Brackley. She is the daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea

L.N.A.

Mrs. Glen Kidston and her son Archibald chatting to Lord Nunburnholme at a meet of the Cottesmore at Wilds Lodge. Mrs. Kidston is another who sustained a nasty accident not long ago when out with the same pack. We hope, however, that these "victims of circumstances" are making as good a recovery as the pictures suggest

THE CRISIS ON THE ISIS

Photographs *L.N.A.*

Another scene from "The Gondoliers," recently produced by the Wimbledon Conservative Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society. The group shows Guiseppe (Mr. George Fisher) on the left, Tessa (Miss Margaret King), Don Alhambra (Mr. A. E. Spearman), Gianetta (Miss Hilda Spearman) and Marco (Mr. Wilfred Lovelock)

WITH THE AMATEURS

Members of the Wimbledon Conservative Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society in a scene from "The Gondoliers," which they recently presented at the new Baths Hall, Wimbledon. The group includes Mr. George H. Storer, Miss Beatrice Fisher, Mr. A. E. Spearman, Mr. Frank Bennett and Miss Hilda Dean

Princess Schaumburg-Lippe had a large party at the Carlton; and I saw Lady Wavertree, in very pale blue lace, at another table.

(Continued on page 314)

mourned by many in the world of the Arts, where he was a well-known and popular figure.

"Blues" and Blather

THE popular Press is always ready and eager to shed the light of publicity on any untoward happenings at our Universities, and the recent clash between the former President of the O.U.B.C., Mr. Alastair Graham, and the coaches afforded them ample scope to elaborate on the dissensions which took place. Indeed, one newspaper published a photograph of a "dramatic meeting" on the tow-path between Mr. Graham and Dr. Percy Mallam, the coach! Despite these attempts to vest the incident in a cloak of sensationalism, there was no personal animosity in the affair. Rowing men the world over learn to put the interests of the boat before those of the individual, and the whole trouble arose solely from a lack of agreement as to how these could best be served.

A Gala at Cannes

THERE was a wonderful crowd, writes my Riviera correspondent, at the Ambassadeurs Gala at Cannes, and everyone seemed to have turned out for the occasion.

P. and A.

Mrs. William B. Leeds, formerly Princess Xenia of Russia, who recently divorced her husband, the American millionaire. The divorce was described as a friendly one and the reasons are being kept strictly secret

B. M. G.

By "Kim"

MR. BALDWIN continually strikes me as a man pathetically anxious to step forward, and always at the critical moment his coat-tails being jerked back violently by Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Salisbury, who are still Free Imports addicts. As a little boy—and true is it that the boy is father of the man—he must have been brought up on the copy-book diet of "Don'ts" and not the more tough and resolute one of "Do." Mr. Baldwin would, I am very sure, have made an admirable bishop, but as a political leader he is sadly miscast, and, indeed, had the revolving stage at the Coliseum last Wednesday been turned round by mistake, back to fore, any of the rank and file, had circumstances compelled them to lay down a policy, could not have been more milk-and-watery, more insipid, less determined, than Mr. Baldwin himself.

NO one can regret to have to criticise the utter failure of the Conservative leadership more than I. With the Socialists playing with fire in the unemployment question, in the Naval Conference, in India, Egypt and Palestine, in the new Unemployment and the Coal Bills, never before was a strong alternative Government more clearly needed. All these matters, directly or indirectly, are governed by the economic situation, and that is controlled in turn by the urgent need of the protection of our workers. To-day all the Conservative rank and file, and an enormous number of persons who own no political allegiance, are crying out for Protection. Lancashire is converted as Nottingham and even Yorkshire are being converted to it. The workers, in daily increasing numbers, want it. The Socialist Party in their heart of hearts are terrified to see the Tories coming out with a bold policy of Protection nailed to the mast-head. The thousands at the Coliseum, whose enthusiasm was damped by the anæmic pronouncements of Mr. Baldwin, whose coat-tails, I say, were pulled by the Free Traders, would have shouted the roof off had he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I stand and the Party stands for Protection and for nothing less than a heavy tariff on foreign-made goods and foreign foodstuffs."

BUT what an anti-climax! Actually all Mr. Baldwin said was, "I must have a free hand in the country in safeguarding the manufacturers of this country." Goodness! He had it before, when for six years he placed obstructions in his own path. Who among his own supporters asked him to give guarantees not to impose Safeguarding Duties? Who had the right to cripple the Party's desires? If they were men like Mr. Churchill and Lord Salisbury they should have been shown the door, for they are a hindrance and not a help. Then Mr. Baldwin declared that he would not impose food taxes. Does he mean that Germans can continue to dump their wheat and peas? How can he offer an attractive market to our Overseas Dominions unless he taxes the foreigner's foodstuffs? How can he save Agriculture?

MR. BALDWIN'S failure is tragic. He is ruining the Conservative Party and paving the way for a return to power of the Socialists by a big independent majority. The daily papers with vast circulations refuse to support him. He said that it did not matter to him personally who was Prime Minister, and the greatest act of patriotism he can perform is to resign the leadership. Otherwise the Party will be split into pieces and he will be left, like Mr. Lloyd George, with the mere fragments of a great Party he has himself destroyed.

EVERYTHING IN THE GARDEN'S LUV-ERLY!

Dissolving views on the revolving stage—Mr. Baldwin with his supporters on the stage of the London Coliseum, where he expounded his anxiously awaited new policy, regarding which "Kim" expresses his personal views! In the front row are Sir John Gilmour (left), The Rt. Hon. Walter Guinness, Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Lady Iveagh, the Marquess of Salisbury, Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, Lord Faringdon, Councillor Gwilym Rowlands, Viscount Bridgeman and Sir Austen Chamberlain

VISITORS TO THE CÔTE D'AZUR

(Continued from page 312)

Some British Visitors

LORD DERBY was at an adjoining table with Lady Maureen Stanley (in a lovely white and silver frock) and Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford. There was a wonderful roller-skating turn, "Three Whirlwinds," which brought down the house, and people went on shouting for an encore for ages after the performers had disappeared. Afterwards, in the baccarat rooms, there was a very big concourse of people, all verging towards the big baccarat table, where, as usual, M. Zographos was taking the bank.

The ex-King of Portugal was punting very high I noticed, while others at the table were Mrs. Claude Grahame-White and Lady Coats.

Popular "Chemmy"

MANY other people were playing "chemmy," and I noticed among many others, Sir Humphrey de Trafford (who has been very successful just lately) and Princess Schaumburg-Lippe (who is a very high gambler) at one table. Mr. Steve Donoghue, Mrs. Peter Thursby (Miss Poppy Baring that was), Lady Lavery, Count Salm, Mr. Pierre Mallet, Sir Alan Johnstone, and Mr. Henry Russell were only a few of the great crowd there; and I was so sorry to hear from Mr. Russell that his wife, Lady "Pat" Russell, is still far from well. I saw also Prince and Princess Gennaro de Bourbon, Lady Aberconway, Sir Henry and Lady Norman, and Sir Stuart and Lady Coats.

Gambling went on till very late and afterwards quite a lot of people went on to Chez Brummell's, which is an excellent rendezvous for supper and is most cheery and entertaining just now.

A Lawn Tennis Dinner

THERE was another dinner party given the night after the gala (also at the Ambassadeurs) by Sir Arthur Crosfield, who is a great lawn tennis

MEET "MISS EUROPE"

Mlle. Alice Diplarakou, the eighteen-year-old girl who was awarded the title of "Miss Europe" at the International Beauty Contest, held in Paris last week. She represented Greece at the contest, which aroused great interest in all the continental countries

By MUNDO

AN EVENING WITH THE FLYING MEN

Some of the distinguished victims who fell to the pen of our caricaturist at the recent Royal Aeronautical Society's Banquet at the Savoy Hotel last week. They are (1) Lieut.-Colonel Mervyn O'Gorman, C.B., (2) Mr. Frederick Montague, M.P., Under-Secretary of State for Air, (3) Sir Philip Sassoon, P.C., G.B.E., C.M.G., M.P., the Chairman, (4) Mr. F. Handley Page, C.B.E., (5) Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker, K.C.B., A.F.C., (6) Lord Wakefield of Hythe and (7) Capt. the Hon. F. E. Guest, D.S.O

THE RIVIERA IS STILL GOING STRONG

Although a certain section of the Press is busy assuring the public that the Riviera is not far short of the abomination of desolation this season, the attacks should be taken cum grano salis. The view of the crowded promenade at Nice, for instance, which is seen below, hardly bears out the statements that the Côte d'Azur is nothing but an empty, rain-swept wilderness

WHO'S WHO AT GOLF

The Aga Khan, who recently concluded his honeymoon, in action at the fifth tee on the Nice golf course. He has obviously mastered the art of keeping the head down and the eye on the ball when driving off!

enthusiast and never misses a lawn tennis tournament.

Amongst his guests I saw "Bill" Tilden chatting to the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, while Lord Charles Hope, Mrs. Satterthwaite and Mr. Charles Kingsley were all at one end of the table. Lord Roundway I saw at another table. He is a very enthusiastic dancer, as well as a very keen lawn tennis player. This lovely weather coming after our three days heavy rain (by the way, it has postponed racing at Mandelieu, unfortunately, also the polo) sent everyone out of doors, eager to get exercise, and, like many other people who had the same idea, I went out to Mougins country club for lunch and found a big crowd of well-known people eating an early lunch in the big Provençal dining room of the club (which is charming with its pale yellow walls, quaint curtains and blue tablecloths).

Going Golfing

LORD DERBY was in a big luncheon party (given by Sir Arthur Crosfield), and directly after lunch he was off for his afternoon round, which he never misses, going round every day with Lady Derby, who is very keen too.

The Aga Khan and his wife had been playing all the morning, and I saw Mr. Peter Gannon, Lord and Lady Glenconner and Mr. "Gillie" Elliott, who are all very regular players, starting off directly after lunch.

On the Links

LORD AND LADY WOLVERTON were walking round but not playing, and some more well-known people I saw lunching were Lady Alexandra Colebrooke, the Princesse de Bourbon, little Fräulein Aussem and her pretty mother, and Lady Lavery, all in white with a close red hat, looking lovely. There is never any sort of a crowd on the course, and golf is played under really the most perfect conditions imaginable. Sir Stuart Coats is a very regular player; also the Ranee of Pudukkotta, who looks most attractive and businesslike in her golfing "kit."

At the Gallia Courts

THERE are a great many people watching the lawn tennis at the Gallia tournament every day this week, and now that Henri Cochet has arrived to prove an equal "draw" for the "gallery," with William Tilden, there are even more people than usual;

A LOVELY VILLA AT EZE

A corner of the verandah of Les Fal 'Eze, the charming villa at Eze-sur-Mer owned by Capt. and Mrs. Erskine-Bolst. The floor is white marble. The villa overlooks the sea below the Lower Corniche

Capt. C. C. Erskine-Bolst is seen in a quiet corner of the villa's grounds with his two Scotties, Dinkie and Sunny Jim

Miss Eileen Joel, whose father, Mr. Solly Joel, is on the Riviera with his yacht which he has named after her, on the Carlton Courts at Cannes. With her is the German player, Frau Reznicech

in her events owing to a very bad cold. Constance Duchess of Westminster (who I also saw dancing at the Ambassadeurs one afternoon in a very charming dark purple dress and close-fitting hat) was amongst the many spectators. She plays golf mostly herself when she is here, but is also very interested in the lawn tennis.

At Eze-sur-Mer

CAPTAIN ERSKINE-BOLST, who with his wife is now at their villa, Les Fal 'Eze, served with distinction in the 1st Black Watch during the War, and comes of a very old Highland family; he has been much in the public eye of late. From August, 1922, to December, 1923 he represented South Hackney, a division which previously returned Horatio Bottomley. Just recently, in response to the Prince of Wales's hospital appeal, Captain Erskine-Bolst responded with a cheque for ten thousand pounds. His wife, née Blanche Maguire, is a Bostonian with three generations of Massachusetts Senators on the family tree; her first husband was Mr. Fletcher Ryer, of California.

as a meeting between these two giants is what everyone wants to see most. Lady Lavery is a most ardent lawn tennis "fan" and knows a great deal about the game. I saw her watching the famous Alan Gerbault play his match this afternoon, while on the next court was the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth (who always looks excellently well turned out on the courts) playing exceedingly forcefully in a mixed double.

International Combatants

LORD CHARLES HOPE was battling against Count Salm, and I was sorry to see that Lady Salmond had scratched

A Charming Villa

THE Villa Les Fal 'Eze contains in its nomenclature a jeu de mots: Falaise means a cliff, and Eze is, of course, the name of the village near which it is built. Formerly the property of the Grand Duchess Anastasie of Russia, whose daughter Cecilie married "Little Willie," the Kaiser's eldest son, the house and gardens have been considerably altered by their present owners.

The house is built above a little bay, between Monte Carlo and Beaulieu, with precipitous cliffs, 1,500ft. in height, rising immediately behind.

BY TONY CASTLE

ERIC: *"Of course, all of us men are cast pretty much in the same mould"*
BETTY: *"Yes—but some are mouldier than others!"*

OUR "STARS" OF THE WEEK

The O.U.D.S. rehearsing for their production of "Macbeth." Mr. Valentine Dyall, the son of Mr. Franklyn Dyall, the actor, who will play the title rôle, is seen in the centre of the stage with the Three Witches. On the left is the stage manager, and next to him is Mr. Brewster Morgan, President of the Society, who is producing the play. The part of Lady Macbeth is being taken by Miss Ffrangçon-Davies

A glimpse of some of the guests at the Aero Ball, Northampton, which was attended by many well-known people

A group of competitors and spectators watching the final round of the Ladies' Singles during the tournament on the Gallia Courts at Cannes. The Baron de Morpurgo and Count Salm are included in the group

MAKING FRIENDS AT THE MEET

There was a large number of children present at a recent meet of the Whaddon Chase Hunt held at Rowsham, near Aylesbury. The picture shows a young follower on excellent terms with one of the hounds

IN these four photographs of sporting and social events reproduced on this page are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea as the penalty of being "starred" if they will kindly send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses. Applications should be made within a week of publication except in the cases of photographs taken abroad

AT THE PLAY

A VERY MIXED BAG

By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of "Nine Till Six," at the Apollo Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

"Dandy Dick," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

SIR ARTHUR PINERO'S *Dandy Dick* is a dandy farce. Staged forty-three years after its original production and rightly dressed in the costumes of the period, its wit and humour remain sufficiently fresh to excite continuous laughter. An old-world flavour may be detected in the construction—asides are much in evidence—but this does not detract one iota from one's enjoyment in seeing it. *Dandy Dick* is a masterpiece of comic craftsmanship in which the characters—as drawn by the author—are never too exaggerated to make them appear unreal.

BUT though this production proves that the most famous of the elder dramatists can hold his own with any of the moderns, it also shows—regretfully I say it—that the art of farce acting has not improved. In the expository first act, when reliance for laughter depends upon the author's dialogue, all was well, but when we reached the stage where *acting* is necessary, the play was not too happily presented. Even a sound Shakespearian like Alfred Clark underplayed the hypocritical butler Blore, while Nigel Playfair, in his big scene where the Dean mixes the bolus for the racehorse, Dandy Dick, was singularly ineffective for the same reason.

AS for the village constable and his wife, on whom the humour of the last act depends, their scene—which is a really good one—became almost dull. It was only the reappearance of Marie Löhr as Georgina Tidman, the Dean's horse-racing sister—who was extraordinarily funny throughout the entire evening—which saved the comic situation. But though the acting, to my mind, revealed many faults, yet the play itself is such a delightful entertainment that it should on no account be missed.

FINISHED GOODS AND RAW MATERIAL

Beatrice (Kay Hammond), a majestic mannequin, excites the envy of Gracie Abbot (Molly Johnson), a far-from-idle apprentice

"NINE TILL SIX," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE

Miss Roberts (Molly Lumley), Clare Pembroke (Marjory Clark) and Mrs. Pembroke (Louise Hampton) distressed at discovering that Freda (Alison Leggatt) had purloined some of the dressmaking stock

"This Way to Paradise," at Daly's

OF the making of plays from books there is no end, and the latest to be seen on the stage is Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point," which has been re-christened for the stage *This Way to Paradise*. Regret-

A BUN FOR THE BARE

Carrie (Pollie Emery) supplies sustenance to two mannequins, Judy (Sunday Wilshin) and Beatrice (Kay Hammond), while relaxing in the "rest room"

fully I add that Daly's Theatre was no paradise for me. Those who have read the book may be able to understand the motives of the characters and find some enjoyment in the adaptation, but I, who have not, found myself drowned in a cascade of chatter which was far from being as sparkling as one of Nature's waterfalls. What may be amusing in print can fail utterly as dialogue delivered from the stage.

And when we came to grips with the story we found this, like all Gaul, divided into three parts, and our attention was not thus riveted on a central idea. Indeed I found all three singularly unentertaining, while the "great" scene of the play, in which a murder was committed, was almost comically ineffective, and an excessively "highbrow" note on the programme by Aldous Huxley, in which he suggests that Beethoven's A minor quartet—played on a gramophone in the last act—is a *statement* which has a metaphysical as well as emotional significance which "says something" about the universe both profound and true, is a piece of intellectual blather which does nothing to add to the dramatic value of the play. Morris Harvey, Miles Malleson and D. A. Clarke-Smith were the three members of a distinguished cast who gave me most enjoyment. I confess I do not like this way to—shall I say—paranoia?

"Nine Till Six," at the Apollo

Those industrious dramatists, Aimée and Philip Stuart, have, once again, gone shopping, so to speak, for the motif of their new play, *Nine Till Six*, which is presented as an Adamless Eden, for no mere male figures in the cast. I wish, while they had been about it, the authors could have evolved a plot slightly less trite than the peg they have used on which to hang their picture of the millinery and dressmaking business. This deals with a theft for which one of the assistants is falsely accused, while a trimming dealing with the invalid son of Mrs. Pembroke, owner of the Regent Street shop where the action takes place, was not too skilfully tacked on to the main theme.

But the appeal of this play does not lie in the story but in the inner knowledge it displays of a business which is presented with observation and humour, and, though I found it impossible to believe in the plot, the characters themselves struck me as being very lifelike, from Mrs. Pembroke herself down to the youngest of the young apprentices, and all the parts are played particularly well.

From Louise Hampton, as the owner, we expect a good performance—and get it. Molly Lumley is a first-rate assistant full of capability and vinegar, while Alison Leggatt as a milk and watery villainess surmounted the difficulties of a thankless part. There were also several good character studies by young actresses in smaller parts, notably Kay Hammond, a gorgeous Cockney, Sunday Wilshin, and Audrey Cameron.

"Michael and Mary," at the St. James's

A. A. Milne, in his new play, *Michael and Mary*, first introduces to each other two strangers—who are the hero and heroine of the title—at the British Museum in 1905. Michael, a struggling author, has a row with his unpleasant fiancée, who throws him over, and thus allows him to offer half his savings to Mary, a married woman deserted by her husband, together with a suggestion that she shall lodge in the same house where he has a bed-sitting-room. The offer is accepted.

Sixteen months pass, and, this being a Milne play, the pair's friendship is still on a platonic basis, and doubtless they would have continued to live in this ethereal plane had Michael's father, who is a parson, not paid his son a visit and demanded to know why he does not marry the girl.

This suggestion is acted upon, despite the fact that Mary's husband is still alive, and the reason why Michael induced Mary to commit bigamy carries no conviction—even though it might lead to Mary's!—and is one of the blots which the author has made on his copybook.

One son is the issue of the marriage, as we discover in 1919, and the now prosperous author receives a nasty shock when his wife's real husband arrives on blackmailing intent. In a scuffle the latter dies of convenient heart disease, and the rest of the act is devoted to throwing dust in the eyes of the police who are called in, while in a long, last act, in which the son, now grown up, has made a hasty marriage, we learn that a friendly policeman is on the track of discovering the truth about (1) the bigamous marriage, and (2) the fact that the blackmailing husband hardly died a natural death. Whether either or both of the pair ultimately have to do six months is the author's secret, which he does not reveal.

I can never remember Herbert Marshall giving a poor performance, and as Michael he gives an extremely good one; Edna Best is self-effacing as Mary, and acts with charm; Frank Lawton cleverly tones down the priggishness of the son; D. A. Clarke Smith arrived in time from Daly's Theatre—where he is also playing—to give point to the blackmailer.

V. W.

BY JORGEN MYLLER

"Is your friend unmarried?"
"Yes, for the third time of asking!"

Dressing to Please

By Blanche B. Elliott

Two men were watching a dress show the other day and giving their views on the new styles. The younger man contended that women dressed to please men, while the older man, more cynical, considered that an exploded theory and that they dressed to outshine each other. It is a subject of perennial discussion, and one on which women do not readily give themselves away. Men everywhere have a great deal to say about women's clothes, and it is always interesting to see the models that a man who professes to "know nothing about frocks" will pick out of a dress collection. He is unconsciously influenced, of course, by the type of mannequin wearing them, but he will invariably pick out a frock with line and some distinction.

ONE should not forget that Worth was an Englishman who went to Paris, and was one of the leaders in starting the powerful fashion-creating business in France, and the big English dressmakers to-day are mostly men. The Englishman has, on the whole, better taste than his wife. He likes to see a woman look smart and well dressed, but often someone other than his wife. *She* must not be too alluring! It makes him slightly uncomfortable if anyone stares too hard at her. The Continental or American, on the other hand, *expects* his wife to be well turned out and wearing the latest thing in clothes. It is a reflection on him and his financial position if she is not. It is a fundamentally different attitude of mind and accounts, alas! for the many dear, obedient, dowdy souls of one's acquaintance. The frumpish hat is really the English equivalent to the Turkish yashmak in a husband's proprietary eyes. Also the average Englishwoman has not the flair for clothes; it seems to be just left out of her make-up.

ON the whole, the men have entirely approved the new longer skirt and the moulded bodice which gives again the opportunity to see the outline of the human form divine. One impressionable young man even went so far as to confide in me that there was something that went to his head in the allure of the longer uneven hemline and the Greta Garbo style of hairdressing which curls upwards at the nape of the neck. Apparently when girls were dressed like that he went all "dithery," and they could do with him what they would—which is quite the proper state of mind for a young man! Care has to be exercised by individual women to choose the particular style which suits them. If they are tall and slender they can revel in the slim bodice and sheathed hip, but should choose a skirt that flares a little outwards in billowing lines; anything to break the quite straight up and down line which makes them appear longer and leaner.

A Molyneux evening gown and sleeveless coatee in red velvet and net, with volants which fall from edge of coat and largely compose the skirt

Model Molyneux

Specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

THE keynote of simplicity is the dominating point in Patou's charming model for early Spring or the South lands, illustrated by Scaioni this week. The waistline is interesting to observe, because it is raised above the normal in front and droops downwards towards the back where the frock blouses over it. As I pointed out early in the season, the downward droop at the back is extremely important, and it applies equally to bodices, hemlines, and the backs of hats. Patou's hat shows a low-crowned straw which lifts off the face in front and is simply trimmed with a narrow band of black ribbon.

THE absence of sun makes London a difficult place to feel smart in. Sunshine is responsible for so much and carries gaiety and brightness with it, particularly in regard to clothes. At the time of writing novelties are slow in coming through; still news trickles out. The new hats tend more to a bonnet shape than ever and are created in the softest straws, in which silk is used. These the Customs officials are pouncing on, as they have tightened up the strings on imported silks.

IF our hats are to become bonnets again in a silk and soft straw, our skirts demurely long, our curls and ringlets returning, shall we not be allowed to regain some of the charm which, as we are so often reminded, belonged to our grandmothers' day? Molyneux's model sketched on this page is demure enough, and shows the way of a small red velvet coatee without sleeves. Edged with red net, it gives a dégagé air to the evening frock of red velvet with a low-placed hip line, whence the full, slightly pointed frills of red net fall. Shoes are red to match, of course, and are an always important asset of a smart ensemble.

I HAVE just seen some very nice godet skirts in the new tweed woven in horizontal lines and made on the model Worth launched last Autumn. They are in the ribbed umbrella effect, which are full yet hang close with a rippling movement. They are the first suggestion I have seen to meet the need for skating outfits. Everyone has been complaining so much about the ill-chosen clothes women are wearing for the ice-rinks that have grown suddenly so popular! Won't someone really do something about it and bring out some special outfits that are suitable and becoming and not too reminiscent of Switzerland on the one hand or Hampstead Heath on the other?

FROM the South of France comes the news that vivid and delightful pyjama suits or "smokings" are being made in knitted-in silk. The jumpers or tops are trimmed with brightly coloured Bulgarian embroidery effect and worn with trousers that bell or closely fit the ankle. They are like little about-the-house ensembles, and, worn with black mules, serve the artistic ultra moderns for informal luncheon wear. Apparently pyjamas are ceasing to be simply the things one sleeps in.

PARIS openings are crowded and keenest interest shown in what will be new, but no drastic changes have taken place since the Autumn. Capes, fichu capes and boleros shown everywhere—almost too popular to last—skirts touch all round or just off the ground, in preference to trains—though these are still shown—a purely Greek influence apparent in many white evening gowns. Many printed chiffons and shantung, also shantung effects. Enormous pyjamas with wide ankles, some with pleats and frills below knee. Molyneux launches the new "tennis pyjamas," looking like a pleated skirt and worn with short coat and wide hat. Patou's eagerly awaited opening on Monday night, when clothes reached a new beauty and gorgeousness—launches pink as new shade for summer, "La Rose Opaline"—shows many models in pink and black. Waistline climbs higher. Chintz prints in the new cotton mixtures launched.

There is more than a hint of Spring in Patou's model of a dress and coat for Southern wear. Cleverly trimmed with groups of small tucks which are graduated on the coat, it is finished with the lingerie collar that will inevitably adorn our Spring frocks. The waist belt moves slightly upwards in front *Model Jean Patou*

FILM NOTES

DRAMA IN THE DESERT

THE FIRST BARRYMORE TALKIE

By Lionel Collier

The hold up, from which the robbers get away successfully. In "Hell's Heroes," now at the Rialto, three well-known film players can be seen and heard: they are Charles Bickford, Raymond Hatton and Fred Kohler

Bob Sangster, one of the robbers, already in New Jerusalem getting the lay of the land, spends his waiting hours in the Cantina. A dramatic scene in "Hell's Heroes," a talkie with wonderful outdoor sound effects now at the Rialto

The surprising discovery of a beautiful woman in a covered wagon in the desert in "Hell's Heroes," a Universal film which is drawing crowds to the Rialto, where it is having a première run

I HAD not seen a German silent picture for some time, so that it was with real anticipation that I went to a private showing of "Manolescu," which features Brigitte Helm, Ivan Mosjoukine, Dita Parlo and Heinrich Georg, a formidable array of talent. In the opening I immediately felt a relief from the average talkie. Here was subtlety, fine acting and hardly a sub-title at all, so good was Tourjansky's direction.

THEN everything went to pieces. It was just conventional crook melodrama as America has taught us to know it. The famous international rogue was led astray by a beautiful but vicious woman and brought back to the path of virtue by one less beautiful but apparently much more virtuous. Tourjansky did not even refrain from introducing touches at the end which were much more reminiscent of Griffith than of himself. Snow, wind, New Year's Eve, detectives, kind-hearted enough to give the criminal a little time to say good-bye, and all the rest of it. Still, I can forgive a lot for having had the pleasure of seeing Brigitte Helm, one of the screen's greatest artists; Ivan Mosjoukine, equally pre-eminent; and also for having had a rest from the American accent which is beginning, to my dismay, to become almost normal to my ears.

ANY drama that takes place in Western America has for a long time just been labelled "Western," and this term has come to mean a feature in which someone has robbed someone else of a gold mine, or is a cattle rustler, with a girl as the usual victim of his nefarious doings. Well, "Hell's Heroes" is a Western in so far as the action takes place in the West, but then the resemblance so far as the label goes is at an end. Certainly there are

Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester in "Comets," Alpha's new British talkie-revue just completed at Twickenham

three very tough bank robbers, admirably characterised by Charles Bickford, Raymond Hatton and Fred Kohler. They rob a bank, shoot the cashier and run for the desert. A sand storm overtakes them and the horses bolt, so that they are left with only one can of water and a long journey to the next water hole. On arrival there they find the hole dry. They also find a woman, deserted in a caravan, giving birth to a baby.

THE cattle expert of the trio gives assistance; the baby is born and the woman dies. Before dying she nominates them godfathers to her son and begs them to take him back to his father. This father turns out to be the cashier they have shot, and if they return they are as certain to be hanged as if they had deliberately asked for the ceremony to be performed. Anyway, they have given their promise and they make the trek back to the scene of their crime. Charles Bickford is a dissentient, but after the death of his two friends, one from a bullet wound received earlier in the story, and the other from a sense of duty—he walks out in the night because the water is short—he contrives to struggle along with his tiny burden.

IT is a finely characterised piece of work, with the three artists giving really remarkably fine performances. The outdoor recording is excellent and gets away from the sense of "theatre"; there is scenic attraction and an atmosphere of the open country. The people live and their actions are natural and extremely well portrayed.

JOHN BARRYMORE is an actor, but unfortunately he rarely lets you forget it. In his first talking picture, "General Crack," he is given much the same sort of pseudo-historical material which has been a characteristic of some of his silent pictures. He did appear in one outstanding feature, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," but after that there seemed to be a definite attempt to make him into a second Douglas Fairbanks with the addition of a profile. In the picture which is running at the New Gallery there is not so much profile, and he has the added advantage of being able to talk. Even he, at times, is not immune from an American accent.

"GENERAL CRACK" is an adaptation of George R. Preedy's historical novel dealing with Leopold II of Austria, and a soldier adventurer who first makes him and then nearly breaks him because the King seduces his gipsy wife. In the true spirit of melodramatic revenge Crack decides to take the King's sister's honour, but her beauty and the knowledge that she loves him makes him spare Leopold and set her free. All ends happily when Crack, having captured the Duchy of Kurland, which had belonged to his father, surrenders it to share it with Leopold's sister.

ALAN CROSLAND has directed John Barrymore several times, in "Don Juan" amongst other films, and this is very reminiscent of the treatment he has given his subject before. He has more of an eye on the popular box-office angle than on the story he is adapting. For this reason there is lavish production and beautifully set palaces. The actual story is not so convincing. John Barrymore as the natural son, by a gipsy, of a Grand Duke strikes an artificial note in spite of clear diction and a dashing mien. He is apt to overemphasise at times. To my mind Lowell Sherman plays much better as the King, while Hobart Bosworth is good as a trusted courtier.

SO far as Marion Nixon, who plays the sister, is concerned, one can never get away from the idea that she is an American woman in fancy dress. Her acting, too, is weak. L. C.

Armida, as Fidelia the fickle gipsy dancer, who marries the soldier adventurer. John Barrymore is heard in his first talking picture, a Warner Bros. film, "General Crack," at the New Gallery

If Gossip

GOOD George III once, I believe, demanded to know which came first, the apple or the dumpling, and how the one got inside the other. In the reign of still better King George V one might well inquire whether cabarets or mankind existed first, and how, in present circumstances, the latter comes to attend the former. Now, I like a cabaret—when it is not as dull as an array of cabs—just as I like anything that tends to make London a trifle brighter. But a cabaret must be the servant of the public and not its master.

By Baird

RENA: "Yes, Agnes was there with her lot, and Florrie with her three—— Oh! what a nuisance babies are at a wedding."

ROSA: "Yes, darling. When I send out the invitations for mine I shall have printed in the corner, 'No babies!'"

SOME cabarets, by which, of course, I mean those who run them, are getting too big for their boots. The cabaret in the old sense of the Chat Noir, Aristide Bruant and all the rest of it exists no longer; in this country it died out with Madame Strindberg and the "Cave of the Golden Calf" in Heddon Street just before the War—and a pretty hectic death it was.

S

THE word has now come to mean no more than an entertainment in a restaurant. A restaurant being first and last and all the time a place where one eats and drinks and talks and behaves, within certain bounds, exactly as one wants to behave, the entertainment must *itself* keep within certain bounds or it will become a tyrant and therefore a nuisance.

S

I WILL give you an instance of what I mean. The other night, after a theatre, I went to a cabaret-ridden establishment to have a bite of food, a glass of wine, and a bout of possibly or impossibly brilliant conversation.

LONDON'S

Some of the members of the London Sketch Club at their potatoes, eaten by the light of candles. The group includes: Weeks and guests. (Seated) Charles Harrison (left) and

Hardly had the meal been chosen when all the lights went out and a spotlight was concentrated on a man in the centre of the room who ended up, after sundry terpsichorean fireworks, by dragging his dancing partner out of sight slung across his back like a Smithfield meat porter carrying a side of beef. All service ceased. Then a negress sang raucous obscenities, amid silence secured by

Marcus Adams

Audrey Segnitz, who in private life is Mrs. H. de Villiers Pritchard, the wife of a well-known Harley Street specialist, with her two children. She will make her debut in grand opera during the forthcoming season at Covent Garden

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC

In a recent speech on Empire Free Trade Lord Beaverbrook described Mr. Lloyd George's statement that Great Britain imported annually 100,000,000 tons of wheat as a "whopper," and remarked that he was only 94,000,000 tons out.

OUR David's told a whopper,
Our David's come a cropper,
Our David's been severely brought to book,
And it wouldn't be surprising
If, his Celtic gorge fast rising,
He didn't try to dam the Beaverbrook.

Whenever you are keen to
Show your sarcasm and spleen, too,
It's just as well to get your facts arrayed
In correct and proper manner
If you wish to raise a banner
Against a soundly organised crusade

If by millions you are flurried,
Do not be unduly worried,
Try some very simple sum that cannot tease,
Such as counting very slowly,
In a voice that's hushed and lowly,
All *the gallant Liberal M.P.s.*

B. W.

VAGABONDS

annual Tramp dinner, which consisted of beef, bread and Fred Buchanan (left), Wilton Williams, Ian Hassall, S. T. C. Allred Leete. The club dance will be held on February 28

We must

" sh-sh-ing " and looks as black as she was at anyone who continued to talk. Each song was received with applause that was languid, but sufficient to send her grinning back to the piano to take an encore. Food was unprocurable while this person was performing.

WHEREAT I realised how true it is that eats are eats and a pest is a pest and that there is little chance of them meeting during a cabaret entertainment in London.

AT length this compulsory self-denial was brought to an end by the appearance of a waiter to remove hardly tasted glasses and to inform us that it was too late to order anything alcoholic. For the privilege of these " turns " and an interrupted supper a guinea had been charged.

NO one was happy. One well-known racing man, the brother of one of England's wealthiest peers, left in a high dudgeon (it might possibly have been a low one) and swore that he would never enter the place again so long as such stuff was served up by way of entertainment, and my party and I emerged into the night air bored and disappointed with cabarets in general.

I AM not at all sure that the "craze" for cabaret entertainments is not dying out; for one thing, at least 75 per cent. of their patrons have already sat through a theatrical show and have had quite enough for one evening of listening to songs and watching dances. But the public rightly resent being dragooned into listening to cabaret turns and into preserving a sort of Queen's Hall atmosphere just because some restaurant fiddler rather fancies himself. Cabaret entertainments should be bright and unobtrusive and *performed with the lights full up*. Artists appearing in them are extremely well paid, and should be told that they must leave artistic sensitiveness behind them, the weekly cheque covering annoyances and possible chattering while they are giving their masterpieces. In short, cabaret was made for man, not man for cabaret. And that's the whole point of the matter.

I FEAR that Mr. Aldous Huxley is not one of the exceptions to the rule that dramatic critics do not write either good or successful plays. William Archer hit off a pot-boiler

The Hon. Muriel Pym (Joan Harben) taunts her brother, Lord Monkhurst (Basil Bartlett), about his pretended interest in the House of Lords A scene from the popular revival of "Milestones," by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock, which is now running at the Criterion Theatre

POINTS ABOUT "POINT COUNTER POINT"

shortly before his death, and, after a lifetime spent in licking the toe of Ibsen (who can ever forget that cartoon by Max?), made a lot of money with some clap-trap entitled *The Green Goddess*. St. John Ervine, after grey highbrowism such as *Jane Clegg*, is coining a small fortune with that brilliant comedy *The First Mrs. Fraser*. *This Way to Paradise* is dealt with (far more gently than I should deal with it) on another page by my amiable colleague, Vernon Woodhouse—who is himself a dramatist. It is only fair to say that the languid Aldous did not actually write it, but only the novel on which it was founded—"Point Counter Point." But he must have had a say in it, and is certainly responsible for the pretentious aim of pseudo-intellectuality which dominates "Punk Counter Punk" and all the Aldous Huxley effusions that are not definitely scatological.

ALDOUS HUXLEY, formerly a schoolmaster, was dramatic critic of the old *Westminster Gazette* in its "sea-green incorruptible" days. He haunted theatres wearing a broad-brimmed black sombrero and a complexion to match his paper, and considered the appearance of the late Lewis Waller definitely ludicrous. If the Daly's production has not pricked the bubble of the under-intelligent and over-boosted school of twentieth century literature, of which we have here a typical example, it has hardly been an advertisement for it. To that extent, therefore, Mr. Leon M. Lion's efforts in the erstwhile home of musical comedy have some sort of negative virtue about them.

Paul Tanqueray

Miss Peggy Ashcroft as she appears in "Jew Süss," Matheson Lang's successful production at the Duke of York's Theatre. She takes the part of Naomi in this play, which was dramatised by Ashley Dukes

HAVING declared that the Naval Conference has been given "a good start" (because Great Britain has already made large concessions while no other country has shown a sign of doing anything of the sort), the *Daily Herald* goes on to anticipate the Budget. This is going to contain plenty of increased taxation—thanks very much!—which is described by Labour's organ as "shifting the burden at last on to the shoulders best fitted to bear it." Who, for years past, has borne that burden but the very people on whom a still heavier load is to be piled? The smug assumption that the so-called rich—i.e., the people who pay any income tax at all—have as yet done nothing, or next to nothing, while the rest of the community has been groaning under excessive hardship is exasperating.

1ST MAIDEN AUNT: "To think that those young persons and
2ND MAIDEN AUNT: "Yes, my dear, but, thank goodness,

THE highest rate of income tax in the world is, in this country, dragged out of the very few, while the vast majority pay nothing at all. To give more to those who give nothing, and to take it out of the pockets of those who are already forced to give too much (and yet keep up their gifts to charities in addition) is what Labour considers a just and equitable proceeding. To be robbed in this fashion is bad enough. Now the robbers make their victims squirm by talking like Pecksniff while they gloat over their work. I say Pecksniff advisedly, for all this profession of philanthropy is sheer bunkum. Votes are what our

THE ACTOR AND THE INCOME TAX

By Treyer Evans

their kind represent the motherhood of the future"

not very often"

Raphael

Miss Sylvia Cecil, who plays the part of Rose Maybud in "Ruddigore" during the Gilbert and Sullivan season at the Savoy Theatre. She will take over most of the parts played by Miss Winnie Melville, who has recently left the cast

Pecksniffs are after, and political bribery is the surest way to get 'em. A true Democracy is always corrupt.

MR. SNOWDEN is not, personally, without the milk of human kindness. But, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he would, I imagine, remain deaf to any direct appeal. Strange as it may seem, a Chancellor has been interviewed by a harassed taxpayer, or taxower. Dear old Charlie Hawtrey was in one of his usual muddles over income-tax, and Brixton was looming. His first thought was the remarkable one of appealing direct to King George himself, for he was one of King Edward's friends. From this unwise course he was dissuaded. But he did appeal to Sir Robert Horne, who was Chancellor at the time, and managed to catch him on the telephone. With his amazing charm making itself felt even along the telephone wires Sir Charles explained to Sir Robert that he couldn't pay off his arrears at a higher rate than £30 a week. "If I go to Brixton," he said, "the theatre will close, lots of people will be thrown out of work, and you will get nothing." Sir Robert said he would "see what he could do." And Sir Charles did not go to Brixton.

There is one actor — a comedian—who, however, did spend six weeks in Brixton Prison because of the income-tax he owed. He now refers to that experience as "When I was at Sandhurst . . ."

LET us admire, in all its shining beauty, the statement of one Ambrose, a jazz-band conductor. It is the reported opinion of Ambrose, who has not denied the published report, that the English will never make successful composers of dance tunes because they are "too timid or too conceited" to borrow from the tunes of other people.

IT has not, apparently, struck the aforesaid Ambrose that our composers strive to write their own tunes not because they are too timid or too conceited to pinch other people's, but because they happen to be too honest to do so. I refrain from stealing the silver out of your trouser-pocket not because I am timid or conceited—very possibly I am both—but because I do not happen to be a thief.

IT now seems hardly probable that Hatry's late partner, the elusive Signor Gialdini, will ever be tried in England. In that case I cannot say much about that gentleman's share in the general criminality. But a vast deal of nonsense has been talked about Gialdini being a "coward" and a "dirty dog" and the rest of it for running away and not facing the music. If by stopping behind and being tried he could have saved his companions, matters would be quite different. But had there been five instead of four in the dock Hatry would have got his fourteen years just the same, nor would the sentences on the other three have been lessened one week by "'Orrible 'Orace" (as Mr. Justice Avory, that wise and upright judge, is known by the criminal classes). Gialdini did what was only human in dashing off to his native hand, where the law allowed him to remain unmolested.

By Jack Greenall

JOAN: "Why do you always take two boy-friends about with you?"

BETTY: "Oh, I find it useful to carry a spare!"

SCOTTISH DEERHOUNDS
by
Arthur Wardle

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BY KIPPA

THE (H)ARUM LILY

A Dahabeeyah Night

Where Pharaohs ruled in majesty and might
Beside the desert's age-old mystery,

Romance is calling through the starry night
And Youth cannot ignore her magic plea.

BY HOWARD K. SLOCK

at HELOUAN, near CAIRO

Young Cleopatra and her Antony
Heed not the call that steals from out the past.
To-night, the music plays and hearts are free
And Love and Laughter hold their fancies fast.

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SIDE DOOR KEYS

Oliver Wendell Holmes believed the heart of every man possessed a front door, open to the world, by which the sentiments of every-day freely enter. But he wrote also of a secret way to the heart, an old side door overgrown and fast locked, where longings and desires are reached by one of three keys - old wine, sweet music, or tobacco.

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

A CHEQUE FOR ROSE

By MICHAEL ARABIAN

WHEN Lady Lavinia found that Henry's affections were beginning to cool off she had a very shrewd suspicion that the insipid and doll-like Rose might be the cause. Now Rose already had a lover of her own, and Lavinia saw no reason why she should part with hers *to that young woman, so she determined to have it out with her. The sequel is told in this entertaining story from the pen of Michael Arabian, treating the "eternal triangle" theme from quite a new angle*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

"No, my lady," the footman answered, "nothing else. That was the message I was to give your ladyship."

Lavinia gulped down all the other questions that jostled one another on their way to her lips, turned her back on the youth in livery and walked slowly up the majestic flight of stairs.

The suspicion that crept into her mind became almost a certitude by the time she reached her boudoir.

Henry's message was a lie.

The room had the appearance of a large basket of orchids, for Lavinia had a passion for exotic flowers. During her two years of married life, when she had at last been enabled to indulge in her expensive hobbies, every evening, before she sat at her dressing table, she would bend and pore over them with loving delight.

But not a glance did she give them that night as she entered. She tore off her hat, flung it away and stood motionless for a long time before her mirror. Her anger-blinded eyes, however, did not take in the stately golden splendour of the image that stared back at her. All her faculties were centred in one obliterating thought.

Henry was lying because—there was another woman.

Not the shadow of a doubt. She had been a fool to believe his wire of the day before. How vague it was. He had been suddenly called away and could not dine with her, but was sure to be back to-morrow. . . . Called away—where? And what was the urgent business of which he had made no previous mention?

And now this telephone message—at an hour when he knew her to be out—to inform her that he would not return until the next morning. The footman might be able to tell her whether it was a genuine trunk call, and the locality from which it had originated and whether it was Henry in person who had spoken. But to take a flunkey into her confidence was unthinkable.

"Will your ladyship wear the new Patou?" the maid's voice reached her ear. "It's a dream."

Lavinia, with a start, became aware of the smiling girl who stood behind her with outstretched arms, the shimmering garment hanging from her finger tips.

The new frock was to have been a surprise, for Henry had an eye for finery. The dinner was of some sentimental value—it marked an anniversary—and he chose that night of all nights—!

In a spasm of anger she was tempted to snatch at the flimsy piece of silk, to crumple it up and throw it into the fire. Why should she make herself beautiful for a lonely meal, when, moreover, she was in an ugly mood? But her voice, when she spoke, was even and colourless.

"Yes," she heard herself say, "I'll wear that one." And she yielded her supple body to the girl's deft hands, while her mind groped for a clue to Henry's treachery.

For treachery it was. Their love was to have been above subterfuges; frankness—stark, unadorned frankness—their guiding principle. One had only to say: "I've fallen in love with someone else," for the other to reply: "Right oh, old dear, go your own way and I'll go mine."

Why, then, was Henry lying? The truth suddenly dawned on her. Because the other woman bade him do so. She must have some particular reason for not wishing Lavinia to know. Possibly she was one of her friends!

"I've never seen your ladyship look so beautiful!" the maid purred, and Lavinia, surveying herself in the mirror, endorsed her opinion.

But the words sharply reminded her that for some time no compliment of that kind had been paid to her by Henry. Except once the week before, and that had been provoked by her. "You haven't noticed my new hat," she had teased him, "do I look a freak in it?" and he had made amends by declaring that she would look gorgeous in anything.

But, now she came to think of it, he had been slow in the uptake and his first absent-minded response had been a mumbled, "What's that, Rose?"

Rose. She was sure he had said Rose, and then he had blushed guiltily before adding quickly and with more than his customary fervour: "You'd look gorgeous in anything."

Rose! Of course, it was Rose!

"That'll do." Lavinia dismissed the maid, not without brusqueness, as her anger blazed up again and threatened to break out.

Rose whom she had befriended; whom she had rescued from her underpaid stage drudgery by introducing her to George; who owed her everything, everything! A sneak, a low, spineless sneak! False to George and to her benefactress. Having enmeshed Henry she was hoping to avert a catastrophe by making him tell lies.

But there would be no escaping the consequences. Lavinia would see to that. Only she must make sure before she wreaked her vengeance.

Should she telephone to find out whether she was at home? No, she must take her by surprise. She would go to her flat at once. If her surmise was correct, Rose would at that moment be preparing to go out to meet Henry.

The thought that she might find her dining quietly with George made her hesitate, but for a second only. In that case she would be glad to know that her suspicions were groundless. . . .

"My dear, what a jolly surprise!" Rose exclaimed, fussily. "Do you know, this is the first time you've ever been to my flat!"

Lavinia stared at her in silence. The quickly-suppressed flash of alarm in Rose's eyes had not escaped her. The words of welcome rang false. Something furtive peeped out from behind the forced smile. Rose stood before her limply, as limp as the rag-dolls that sprawled on a shelf and about the floor, her smile as rigid as their grimaces.

Something pathetic, too, in her attitude, as if she were begging for mercy.

"I'll give her another chance," Lavinia said to herself. "If she has the pluck to tell me the truth I'll spare her. Then it'll be between Henry and me."

"Rose," she asked, abruptly, "are you in love with Henry?"

The smile vanished as well as the limpness. She bristled like a pretty fluffy kitten scared by a sudden, weird-shaped shadow.

"With Henry?" she cried, in a shrill tone of injured innocence. "I don't know what you mean."

"If you make a clean breast of it," Lavinia pursued, "you shan't come to any harm. I give you my word."

Rose swallowed hard. A short, sharp struggle seemed to

(All rights strictly reserved)

rumple her freshly made-up lips—as if they were about to disobey some inner command. But they fell into submission.

"I don't know what Henry's told you—— " she began.

"Henry's told me nothing." Lavinia cut her short; she did not want her to fall into a trap; she expected a straight answer to a blunt question.

The smile reappeared in Rose's eyes.

"Why then——?"

"Are you in love with Henry?" The question was repeated with ominous impatience.

"How absurd you are!" Rose simpered. "You know I'm in love with George. You don't think I'd try to take Henry away from you."

"Didn't you dine with him last night? "

"How could I? He was out of town."

"How do you know he was out of town? " Lavinia's question had the effect of a thunderbolt. Rose gasped and reeled.

"I believe he mentioned something of the sort," she stammered.

"When? "

"It must have been when I last met him at your place."

"Funny," Lavinia commented sarcastically. "He forgot to mention it to me."

"Perhaps it was later, over the telephone."

"Is he in the habit of telephoning to you? "

"No, of course not. And what does it matter, anyway? " Rose burst out petulantly. "You treat me as if I'd committed a murder or something. Lavinia, I think at times you're rather—rather unkind to me." Her voice became blurred with tears.

Play-acting! Lavinia was not taken in. She had an uncanny feeling, as if she were eavesdropping—overhearing Rose's secret thoughts. "You come here bullying me," she said, "because you're Lady Lavinia and look on me as a nobody; you took me up as your plaything and expect me to dance to any tune you choose. Well, I won't. I know you despise me, and I hate you. I hate you for what you are and all that you did for me."

LAVINIA felt ashamed of the other's hatred. It was cheap and muddy. She would have walked out of the place if it hadn't been for her resolve to clear this matter up.

"I only want the truth," she said coldly. "Henry wasn't with you last night? "

"No. I dined with George," was the surly answer.

"And to-night? Are you expecting him? "

"George will be here shortly."

Lavinia felt doubtful.

"George? Oh, very well, I'll wait for him," she said as she sat down in a crimson armchair.

Rose had a taste for violent colours. How could George tolerate this strident nightmare of a room? . . . He really was an enigma. Lavinia had looked upon him as a barbarian, almost as an outsider, someone who did not belong to her set, to her class. And yet there was something fine about him; he wouldn't have lied to her as Henry had done — at least, as she believed he had done.

"What are you going to tell him?" Rose's startled voice broke in on her reflections. She had heard the click of the front-door latch.

"Tell whom? "

"George. You aren't going to tell him you suspect me? " Fright, genuine fright, was in her face now. Was it a sign of guilt or merely of cowardice? George would take Lavinia's word as gospel truth.

"No," she replied. "Not until I've made sure."

At George's entrance the room became diminutive. He was big and broad-shouldered, with a powerful head. But there was something of the child in his grey eyes, and a debonair smile atoned for his ruddy complexion and unruly sandy hair.

"He may be uncouth," Lavinia reflected, "but he's not insignificant." Did he still care for Rose? Did he ever care for that frilly little doll with china-blue eyes and light frizzy hair—so pretty, so insipid? It seemed incredible. Yet she herself had at one time been amused by her.

"READY, pet? " George sang out in a slightly bored tone as he went over to Rose. A perfunctory kiss got lost in one of her side curls. Only then, following the direction of her gaze, did he become aware of the visitor's presence.

"Lavinia! " he exclaimed with surprise.

"A perfunctory kiss got lost in one of her side curls"

"What's brought you here?" He made no move towards her, no gesture of welcome, but his manner became suddenly alert, and a broad grin spread over his face as if he were enjoying a good joke.

"Oh, I just dropped in," Lavinia replied, returning his grin. "I must go now. The fact is Henry——"

As she hesitated for an instant there came a warning—or was it imploring?—squeak from Rose. George took no notice, but Lavinia's lip curled up contemptuously.

"Henry was to dine with me," she went on, "but he's failed me at the last moment."

"Look here, Lavinia," George said, "if you're at a loose end you'd better come along with us."

"No, thanks, George. It's awfully sweet of you, but I'm no spoil-sport."

But as she moved to the door the telephone bell rang.

"That must be Henry," she said, retracing her steps, as if she were expecting the call.

"Nonsense!" Rose cried, reaching the instrument with a bound. "Why should Henry telephone here?"

"What's that? . . . Who? . . ." She shouted into the mouthpiece. "No . . . no. . . . Wrong number." Her perturbation was painfully obvious.

"That's Henry," Lavinia repeated calmly, and stretched out her hand.

"Good God, what on earth is the matter with you, Rose?" George spoke impatiently. "If it's Henry, why don't you let Lavinia answer?"

Rose, cowed, passed the receiver to Lavinia.

There was no mistaking Henry's angry voice spluttering:

"Look here, Rose, no use shouting wrong number. If George's there, tell him to go to hell! This is the second night you've put me off. I'm not going to share you with him. I may be poor, but I've my pride. And I won't go on telling Lavinia lies."

Lavinia put the receiver down without vouchsafing an answer.

"Was it Henry?" George could not repress his curiosity.

Rose's eyes scanned her face beseechingly.

"Yes," Lavinia answered quietly, deliberately. "But not for me. He wanted Rose to tell you to go to—well, you know. She had promised to dine with him."

"Oh," said George, "is that why——?"

"These two have fallen in love," Lavinia interrupted. "I think it's right that you should know." And she walked to the door with head held high.

"GEORGE!" Rose implored, running up to him with outstretched hands; but he pushed her away.

"I'll see you to your car," he said as he followed Lavinia.

Neither turned round to have another look at Rose, who had suddenly collapsed on to the divan, more like a doll than ever—a doll with all the stuffing knocked out.

Their respective limousines waited for them at the kerb. George waved his own away and got into Lavinia's.

"I hate the idea of your dining alone," he said.

"Henry and I were going to sample that new restaurant in Lower Regent Street," she answered as the car glided along Piccadilly. "If you care to join me——"

His knee touched hers, coyly, invitingly. But neither spoke for a long time.

Only when they neared their destination Lavinia broke the silence.

"Have I been a beast to you, George?" she whispered, and her voice was the least little bit unsteady.

"No, Lavinia," George said. "Our marriage was a bargain. I wanted you to bear my name and be the mistress of my house; you were in love with Henry. You made your terms and I accepted them. It was all plain and above board. You've done all that you promised to do." And he added with a laugh, "Even more. Didn't you throw Rose in my way?"

What did that laugh mean? Was he content to remain her husband in name only, and would he go back to that wretched Rose even now?

"George," she burst out, "are you *really* satisfied with your bargain?"

"You've no right to ask me that," he returned, in an injured tone. "So long as your heart is tenanted——"

"Tenanted?" she interrupted, impatiently. "No, my dear, the tenant has been evicted. It is at the moment vacant."

"Then I take it—for life," George cried, impetuously, flinging his arms round her. Her lips did not evade his.

The car came to a halt and a dark, bulky form with a bemedalled breast ran to open the door.

"Oh, George," Lavinia said hurriedly, determined to dismiss the subject once and for all, "you'll have to send Rose a handsome cheque to-morrow as your parting gift."

M. A.

HUSH, HUSH, HUSH. Here Comes the Broker's Man!

"The Man in Possession," now in possession of the Ambassadors Theatre, is an audacious and witty play. Audacity is seen above, when a broker's man turned footman (Raymond Massey) is not repulsed by his charming mistress (Isabel Jeans). Below is pictured the paying off of a writ with money advanced by the susceptible broker's man. Maid and writ server (Ann Codrington and Stafford Hilliard) are on the left

PARIS GOSSIP

A group of contestants at the Capucines Theatre, where the preliminary voting for Miss Paris 1930 took place. There were eleven competitors and the selection committee were apparently so dazzled that it took them several hours before they could even decide on the first five. Those chosen, who are shown above and who appeared for the final test on January 28, are Mlle. Pierre (left), Mlle. Rambault, Mlle. Vorin, Mlle. Lecointe and Mlle. Ottenwold

SYMPTOMS OF SPRING

By Sylvia Lyon

SIGHTS of the week: Windows filled with and everybody's table covered with Paul Morand's "New York" and André Maurois' "Byron." The Princess Jane San Faustino going from dinner to dinner in the grey panne velvet gown she wore at the royal wedding in Rome, carrying with her echoes of quaint stories heard upon the occasion in the Holy City, which, unfortunately, I cannot quote here. Pierre Becq de Fouquières, the Chef de Protocol at the Presidential palace, riding in the Metro. At "Les Enfants Terribles," Parysis, the peroxide blonde and screaming vedette of the Concert Mayol, although she is not playing there at present, shrieking, amidst a most chic assembly, that she had taken too much champagne, and more to that effect.

The same star, much calmer, lunching with a party of people who sounded like motion picture people, and that included, to my surprise, Prince Andrew of Greece: great cartloads of white, purple and Parma violets, which people ever since La Prisonnière, buy with the most sheepish expressions, and another sign of spring, the gathering of people in riding clothes, straight from the Bois, around the bar of Prunier's in the Avenue Victor Hugo at lunch-time. Miss Loeila Ponsonby in the throes of fifteen different essayages at Molyneux, and later, in the Avenue Montaigne, to see her dashing into Vionnet to try on her wedding-dress.

OVERHEARD: That business is good, that business is bad; that France is disturbed because Cardinal Gasparri's successor, Monsignor Pacelli, formerly the Papal Nuncio at Berlin, is a frank Germanophile; that two families claim to be the subject of *Le Sexe Faible*, that one family really is, and that both should be ashamed of themselves. That Franz Lehar refused to complete his engagement as conductor of his operetta, *Frèdèrique*, because the theatre management declined to provide him with the two extra trombone players he considered necessary in the orchestra; that either the Duc de Broglie, or his brother, Louis, the winner of the 1929 Nobel Prize for Physics, will succeed to Clemenceau's chair in the Académie Française.

THAT there will very soon be a crisis in rental values along the Champs-Elysées, as the American, Belgian and Italian automobile agencies who occupy the best sites will have to give up if the new duties on foreign cars are not ameliorated. That there is so much dissension in the management of the Opéra upon the introduction of every novelty, and also that the latest victim is the dancer Serge Lifar, who danced in Beethoven's ballet *Le Créatures de Promethée*, had to dance off to London.

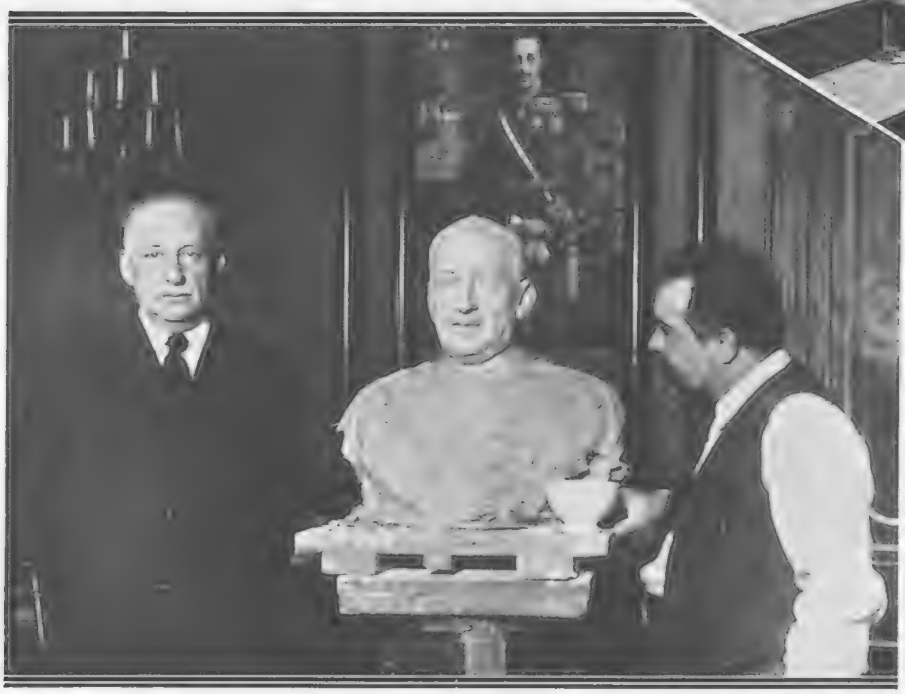
By Wilson Fenning

"Must be costing you a good bit keeping your wife down in the South of France all this winter?"
"Yes. But there—— I don't begrudge a ha'penny of it!"

A REBUFF TO THE FILM KINGS

THE members of the Académie Française recently refused a munificent offer on the part of an American film company to making a talking reel of the Academy in session. Perhaps the realistic reproduction of their speech-making would cause their undoing, for the French Academy was the subject of two comedies by Robert de Flers and de Caillevet, *Le Bois Sacré* and *L'Habit Vert*, causing the laughter of Parisian audiences for years. The refusal is really a stroke of luck for the film producers, because if they did record a meeting of the Academy, instead of having made a serious document they would have a filmed burlesque.

GETTING HER GOAT!
Mistinguett, the great little music-hall star of Paris, has discovered the secret of eternal youth. She is seen sitting in a bower in her country estate, complete with her two pets



This is Mr. Jo Davidson, the American sculptor, preserving for posterity the lineaments of General Primo de Rivera, the Spanish dictator, now fallen. Mr. Davidson is prominent in the artistic and social milieus of Paris

IN discussing the creation of "funny papers" with José-Maria Sert, he said that if an editor would merely reprint the solemn political columns written in *Figaro* by François himself, the editor would find himself the creator of the funniest paper in the world. His wife said No, the combined speeches of Henri Paté, of the Physical Education Ministry, would be still funnier. Madame Sert is in a most relieved state of mind, because her brother, Serge Mdivani, is busy making phonographs and sound reproducers in combination with the Thomson-Houston people.

I MET the other morning Stanislas de la Rochefoucauld on his way to buy a book on Saint-Just, who died on the scaffold with Robespierre. "I should have written the book myself," said Stanislas, "but I will wait a year . . . then it won't matter." He is one of the organisers and contributors to a new daily paper, *L'Ordre*, which, of course, is very much on the Right.

KERENSKY appeared the other day in the Chamber of Deputies to make a deposition before the Radical-Communist groups. And when he read a list of recent executions in Russia, they say the face of Marcel Cach, a Communist deputy, showed utter astonishment, as if, why, he had never heard of such a thing! And in broad daylight, one quiet Sunday morning, General Koutepoff, on his way to a memorial mass held by emigrés who had fought at Gallipoli, disappeared, and has not since been seen. And I doubt if he will. Often some well-known Russian of the old régime is whisked away to his death or to forced destinies in Russia. S. L.

The Infanta Beatrice, the daughter of the King and Queen of Spain, who has recently passed her final examinations as a qualified nurse. She is seen in the hospital dispensary at Madrid, where she regularly attends

A WHO'S WHO PUBLISHED BY WORTHINGTON

BLIMP, Flight Commander. Born 1890. *Educ.* : Aerated Correspondence College, etc. Fought in the Mexican Presidential Election. 1911 (Order of St. Vitus) and commanded Battalion at Chinese Peace Conference. (Order of Very Distinguished Public Benefactors and Revolution Fomenters). *Clubs :* Rowton House. *Recreation :* Worthington.

FLYING NOTES

Flight-Lieutenant D'Arcy Greig, of Schneider Cup fame, and his wife, who was formerly Miss Lorna Dean. They were recently married at Bexhill

GROWING "AIR-MINDED"

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Aircraft in the West End

MESSRS. AUTO-AUCTIONS, who are distributors of the Bluebird throughout the world, have made an addition to their hire-purchase scheme, which amounts to a definite undertaking to repurchase a machine from a customer who is over here on leave. Repurchase terms are 70 per cent. of the new list price for three months, 65 per cent. for six months, with other periods on a sliding scale. The Bluebird can be inspected at their showrooms in Burlington Gardens, and trial flights are given at Heston. Now that the City has decided to finance aviation, it seems only natural that the West End should look after the retail side of the business. "Callisthenes," writing in *The Times* on the safety of the British aeroplane, says that it is "among the most faultless things in structure and mechanism that come from any factory." In other words, flying has reached the stage where the vehicle itself and the necessary equipment can be sold over the counter, and a well-known Oxford Street store is to open a permanent aircraft department next month.

The "Air-minded"

THE word "air-minded" is an adjective of vague definition, used to describe the outlook of people interested in aviation, whether they merely attend the R.A.F. display and occasionally post a letter by air mail or earn their living within the industry itself. Between these two classes there are numerous others, such as corporations concerned with their new air ports, private citizens with their new Moths, club members learning to fly, and business men using air taxis or air liners according to their means, all interested to a greater or lesser extent in its progress and prosperity.

Capt. Neville Stack, Chief Pilot of the National Flying Services, and a passenger. They are seen in the only two-seater British-built machine which has side-by-side seating accommodation and is of all-metal construction. There has lately been a mass delivery of British light aeroplanes at the new London Air Park, at Hanworth, Middlesex. The machines were flown in formation from Cowes

Trade by Air

AVIATION as a business is concerned with one of two things: either the manufacture and sale of aircraft with accessories or the operation of aircraft as transport vehicles; and in either case we as a nation are also vitally concerned. If we can rely in any way on a matter of history, we shall be just as dependent on the control of the world's aircraft production and its air lines as we have been in the past on ships and the carrying trade by sea. The City has evidently come to the same conclusion after a little more than ten years spent in thought, and aviation is to have behind it a real live financial group with a capital of one million at least. The group starts well by concentrating on flying boats, a class which we build better than anyone else, and more suited to our long-distance Imperial routes than land aircraft. Two types have been specially earmarked for development: the Blackburn Nile and the Cutty Sark, built by Saunders-Roe. The Nile is a luxurious 1,500 horse-power cabin cruiser, and the Cutty Sark a small air yacht convenient for four people.

Light 'Plane Events

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Chichester, who flew solo from Croydon to Sydney, New South Wales, after a mere three months' experience of flying; his machine was a Moth. The Brooklands School of Flying has enlarged its service station, and is doing good work under the capable management of Captain H. D. Davis. Another Avro 5 is on its way to Kenya, piloted by Captain Campbell Black; and, although not a light 'plane, this machine is of interest because of its power units—three Genet Majors. Mrs. Wilson, who owns the East African air transport company bearing her name, has ordered a Coupé Moth for her own personal use.

Success with a Cirrus

CAPTAIN ANDREE, the well-known Swedish pilot, is returning from Cape Town by Cirrus Moth, having flown out at the end of last year, a distance of more than 9,000 miles. This is the ninth successful flight between Europe and South Africa engined by Cirrus. N.F.S. report well over 3,000 hours with Cirrus engines up to the end of December, of which 500 per month were compiled at Hanworth. The Cirrus Bluebird looks a clean job, and has a top speed of 100 miles an hour. Low consumption figures are always a matter of rivalry between the various clubs. At Lympne, one Cirrus averaged 3.6 gallons of petrol an hour during a month, and another 4.3, with oil below 0.5 gallon an hour.

DEWARS
WONDERFUL WHISKY—
"White Label"
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AN AMERICAN JUDGE IN LIGHTER MOOD

It is interesting to observe that whilst crime continually goes unchecked a High Court (or "Superior Court") Justice finds time and inclination to act as paterfamilias to the bevy of Los Angeles (Cal.) beauties who, too young to sign motion picture contracts for themselves, enlist in aid His Honour Judge Marshall McComb

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S NEIGHBOUR

By Collinson Owen

President Hoover, whose near neighbour at Miami, as mentioned below, is Al Capone, boss of the most powerful gang in Chicago's underworld. Here the President is seen eating a "goody" after speaking to 5,000 citizens of Virginia

IN the daily orchestra of crime which sounds through the United States as universal as the radio, the deeper notes, of course, come from Chicago, with New York for once proud to be second. But every city and town makes its individual contribution to the majestic—and terrifying—symphony.

Take this little cutting from a Los Angeles newspaper dated January 6:

"In one instance binding up six victims and leaving them in a rear yard, bandits operated extensively throughout the city during the night, but their net haul in 15 hold-ups was less than 500 dollars, according to police reports to-day. *Only* two hold-ups in Hollywood were reported in one of the quietest week-ends on police records."

That one word "only," which I have myself italicised, is as eloquent as a two-column sermon.

HOW unwise it is to be anything but perfectly submissive was shown by the experience of Mr. Garet Garett, a well-known writer in the magazines on economics, only a few days ago. Mr. Garett was dining with a party of four in a small restaurant in Greenwich Village, which is New York's Soho. As two hold-up men entered, coming up behind Mr. Garett, one of them said "Don't move from your seats, gentlemen." Mr. Garett, half rising and turning in his chair to see what it was all about, was instantly shot three times. The hospital reported that he "had a chance of recovery."

Any time, anywhere, this sort of thing may happen. (A select dinner party in San Francisco was cleaned out only a week ago.) Most of these stories, of course, are only reported for local consumption. It needs something really big to arouse "nation-wide" interest. Chicago is continually supplying that, much to Chicago's annoyance.

ONE reason why America does not break loose on the subject is that its citizens have been used to it from birth. If a certain risk is normal—say, snakes in India—you adapt yourself to it. But there is an even deeper reason, which is that Americans are powerless to alter matters. Who or what shall deliver them from a system which is inextricably mixed with local politicians everywhere, which has gained immeasurably in power and deadliness from the workings of Prohibition?

Take this, for example, which is the opening of an article in a leading monthly review:

"Last winter two of the most powerful men in the United States occupied mansions in Miami (Florida) scarcely a stone's throw apart. One was Herbert Hoover, chosen by an overwhelming vote to uphold and enforce the law; the other was Al Capone, head of a government within a government which, with notable success, thwarts and defies the law. Capone's Miami palace was every bit as luxurious as that occupied by Mr. Hoover. What a perfect commentary on the present state of American civilisation."

If an Englishman had written that final sentence it would—naturally enough, perhaps—have been taken unkindly in the United States. But

(Continued on page 346)

AMONG MEN

of action and responsibility whose standard of life is faultless perfection, care is taken in moments of relaxation to maintain the same high standard in their hospitality. Nothing but the best is regarded with favour—such as

"Schweppe"

THE ORIGINAL SODA WATER

Also order SCHWEPPES GINGER ALE, GINGER BEER, TONIC WATER, LEMON SQUASH, ORANGE SQUASH, Etc.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S NEIGHBOUR (*continued from page 344*)

WHERE "PROTECTION" IS A CURSE

Americans are writing that sort of thing every day, and it seems absurd that England should not hear a serious echo of a national theme.

DESPITE the movies and the crook plays, England simply has not begun to understand this extraordinary situation which is such an immense factor in American national life. From hold-up men to bootleggers, on through rum-runners, coastguardsmen, policemen, Federal enforcement agents to aldermen, mayors, and district attorneys, even unto the operations of Big Business (in such affairs as strike-breaking), violent crime may at any time play its part. It is as much to be reckoned with as insurance or "overhead."

AN AMERICAN CAUSE CELÈBRE

The woman, Mrs. Genevieve O'Brien, in the foreground is on trial for her life on the charge of murdering her husband thirty-six hours after her lover was sentenced there to life imprisonment. Her attorney, Samuel A. Hoffman, is seated in front of her, and Deputy Theodore Gabel behind. The photograph was taken at the time the jurymen were being picked

"WHOOPEE!"

America has its own night club problem, but convictions are hard to obtain. The picture above shows Texas Quinan, New York's night club queen, flaunting congratulatory telegrams on being acquitted of violating the National Prohibition Act a short time ago

In this country we have just seen Hatry sent to prison for fourteen years. In America it would be practically impossible to get your big "operator" into prison. It is one reason why sentimentalists are prepared to be lenient to smaller criminals.

WHERE shall we turn next in this fantastic daily melodrama? . . . Judge Kavanagh, of Chicago, points out that the city of Windsor in Canada and the city of Detroit in America are practically one and the same. Only the political border divides them. Yet in 1927 there were "three hundred and twenty-seven killings in the city of Detroit and not one in Windsor."

It is odd that in a country where life is so cheap the sentimentalist should play his part in cheapening that valuable commodity. An interesting example of this comes from Warden Lewis E. Lawes, who is in charge of the great prison of Sing Sing. Mr. Lawes, in his ten years as Warden, has presided at some 180 electrocutions. The result of this considerable experience is that he does not believe in the death penalty, and ardently favours its abolition.

The average time a murderer now passes in the "death house" is twelve months! (The average used to be two years.) Mr. Lawes says: "During this period most of the condemned men become very devout. . . . The result is that, with rare exceptions, they go to their death with a courage and fortitude that remind one of the great martyrs of history—some even seem to welcome death."

It is true, also, that Sing Sing sees comparatively little of the professional "killer." That sort of thug is largely immune. The reason for this lies in the one short word—"graft."

THE local politician, selling "protection" to the underworld, is the curse of America, and his system of living handsomely on graft is the real reason why the United States is the most crime-ridden country in the world. The evidence for this is overwhelming, and helps to explain why the Americans possess a mentality towards crime which exists nowhere else. They are so helpless in the toils of this appalling system that they try to "forget it"; just, no doubt, as President Hoover did when he learned that his neighbour at Miami was Al Capone, boss of the most powerful gang in Chicago's underworld.

C. O.

OUR EMPIRE

Beautiful Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, has a population of nearly a million. The view shows St. Kilda Road, with the River Yarra in the foreground and the public gardens beyond

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

MR. G. P. ROBINSON

In his novel, "Cannibal Coryton" (Duckworth), he tells an amusing and exciting story of a party shipwrecked among a wild tribe of natives

WHEN HISTORY IS REWRITTEN

By Ralph Straus

THE Scott centenary is not too far ahead, and soon people will be making up their minds to re-read him, and some will be unutterably bored if they do, and a few will be enchanted, and we shall have learned articles on the historical novel, and *Jew Süss* will presumably go into another edition. (I think it must be that book which has done most to stimulate the new interest in historical novels.)

THESE, however, may be of all sorts and kinds. During the last week I have read no fewer than four, none of which is in the least like any of the others. One is a legend from the Old Testament, and if in its new form there are many new and vivid details it departs in no essential (except in the character of its hero) from the story as we have known it. Another is a highly embroidered account of a German princeling in the days when lawyers and the clergy were hunting witches as keenly as their rulers pursued more legitimate game. A third attempts a picture of Regency days, and gives thinly disguised names to its chief figures to cover a faint distortion of history. And the fourth, with which I shall deal on a subsequent occasion, very delightfully says: "Be damned to what really happened," and shows how we won the war with tanks and cavalry and a superman's aid in 1917!

FOR chronological, if for no other, reasons, I may begin with Mr. Bechhofer Roberts's *The Coat of Many Colours* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Roberts, or "Ephesian," as he prefers to call himself, is of the biographical school of novelists. Some fourteen months ago he wrote a novel about Dickens which created more than a bit of a rumpus. There is no need to repeat now what the critics (including myself) said of that book, though it may be well to remember that "Ephesian's" main purpose was to smash what he considered was a silly legend about his subject.

I SAY this because the new book, which retells in modern language the story of Joseph and his brethren, shows a Joseph who is by no means "the embodiment of filial piety" that many have thought him, yet a man who has never "been given proper credit for what must have been a very exceptional degree of natural ability." Like Dickens, thinks "Ephesian," Joseph "has been ill-used by his admirers."

"EPHESIAN"

Mr. C. E. Bechhofer Roberts, whose new novel, "The Coat of Many Colours," has recently been published by Lane at 7s. 6d.

AND so here in this highly entertaining and vigorous picture you have a decidedly "smart" young man, not very brave, perhaps not altogether likeable, making the most of his brains and good looks, and very determined to get on. As a despised Hebrew slave in Egypt he cannot, you would think, have found it easy to rise up very fast, even with his pre-Freudian interpretation of dreams to help him, but "Ephesian" builds up a cunning little edifice, and the thing happens without your credulity being unduly stretched. He is certainly lucky to find in Potiphar a good-natured master and in the Pharaoh a jovial monarch, and yet—why not? Even in those days there must have been important folk who thought about other things besides torturing or killing the wretches who offended them.

BIBLE stories do not always make good novels, but it seems to me that "Ephesian" has made the best of his opportunities. His Joseph will not please everybody, but the scenes in Potiphar's house, and the Hebrew spy system, and life in the mountains, and even the regrettable affair of Zuleika, show that the author has prepared his background with considerable care.

I PASS on to *The Rocklitz* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by George Preedy—a pseudonym, I am told, which hides the identity of a writer who has other books besides *General Crack* to his (or is it her?) credit. Well, Mr. Preedy splits his infinitives, and is curiously shy of using full stops. His punctuation, indeed, is, to my mind, confoundedly bad. But he can tell a mighty good story, and the career of Countess Rocklitz, whose existence I have no reason to doubt, is highly dramatic. The novel, in fact, is rather more than a merely attractive piece of work: there is a genuine thrill in its pages.

THE place is Saxony, and the time the sixteen-nineties. The Elector Johann Georg seems to have been the usual inept young man, whose only redeeming feature is his love for the beautiful Madelon von Neitschutz. Her family—a poverty-stricken nobleman and two blustering sons—scheme for a Royal marriage, but, owing to their enemy, the minister Stürm, are obliged to be satisfied with something slightly less regular. Madelon is duly installed in the Royal palace, and is created Countess Rocklitz. For a time she rules Saxony, but there is a price to be paid, and the price is higher than anybody, except perhaps the cunning Stürm, could have expected.

THE Rocklitz begins to make mistakes. The only man for whom she ever cared is a certain Baron von

(*Continued on page* 350)

"Now.... *that's* the *true* whisky flavour!"

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IRISH WHISKY

"...I'll get a case of it"

D.A.-W.8

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 348)

Haverbeck, a most honourable soldier, whose ability to reach the highest military rank in almost no time at all is the only peculiar thing about him.

HE was once in love with her, but three times she had refused him. And now the inevitable happens: she offers herself to him, and is spurned—with very terrible results. For by this time Saxony has had enough of the Rocklitz, and not all alleged witches, you may remember, were hideous to look upon. Mr. Preedy does not spare his heroine.

IT may be that this picturesque romance is somewhat old-fashioned, but I am bound to say that it is extraordinarily well done. You know that the Rocklitz must fall sooner or later, but you do not know when or how, and you do not anticipate the result of that midnight visit to her house which von Haverbeck unwittingly makes. Moreover, there is an air of authenticity about this picture of old Saxony. The Elector's portrait, too, whether or no it be historical, is lifelike, and one or two of the scenes are quite unusually good. This is a book to be read.

THE third book on my list, Mr. David Emerson's *Regency Windows* (Sampson Low: 7s. 6d.), is a curious production. I take it to be a first novel. It is interesting to read. It has a story to tell. In many ways it reflects accurately enough London life as it was a hundred years ago; in others, however, it does not.

BOOKS RECEIVED

TRUTH ABOUT WAGNER. By Philip Dutton and Waverley Lewis Root. (Cassells: 7s. 6d.)
SPRING COMES AGAIN. By April Thorn. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.)
THEN THERE'S CRIPPLE CREEK. By Ben Lucien Burman. (Thornton Butterworth: 7s. 6.)
LOVE TOWN. By Riccardo Bacchelli. (Murray: 7s. 6d.)
STRANGERS AND LOVERS. By E. Granberry. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)
POSTCRIPT TO ADVENTURE. By Ashley Gibson. (Dent: 10s. 6d.)
THE IMMORTAL LOVER. By John E. Steuart. (Harrap: 7s. 6d.)
AFTER. By M. Saltouri. (Duckworth: 5s.)
TIDE HOUSE. By Maude C. Perry. (Harrap: 7s. 6d.)
HOMEPLACE. By M. Chapman. (Allan: 7s. 6d.)
BEAST OR MAN. By Sean McGuire. (Palmer: 7s. 6d.)
DRIFTING LEAVES. By S. H. McGrady. (Mathew and Marrot: 7s. 6d.)
GREAT THAMES MYSTERIES. By Elliott O'Donnell. (Selwyn and Blount; 18s.)
MYSTICAL MEDITATIONS ON THE COLLECTS. By Dion Fortune. (Rider: 5s.)
RESTIVE LOVERS. By Jean Barr. (Melrose: 7s. 6d.)
BROADWAY INTERLUDE. By Achmed Abdullah and Faith Baldwin. (Selwyn and Blount: 7s. 6d.)
CATS. By William Seagle. (Kegan Paul: 2s. 6d.)
THE PHANTOM BRIGADE. By A. P. G. Vivian. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)
THE AIRWAY TO SEE EUROPE. By Eleanor Elsner. (Marrott: 6s.)
JOURNAL OF A SLAVE DEALER. By N. Owen. (Routledge: 7s. 6d.)
LOVE'S ILLUSION. By J. D. Beresford. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY. By Denys G. Heriot. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
PARIS IN PROFILE. By George Slocombe. (Humphrey Toulmin: 12s. 6d.)
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WANDERER. By Radclyffe Dugmore. (Hurst and Blackett: 18s.)
THE RED NAPOLEON. By Floyd Gibbons. (Brentanos: 7s. 6d.)
THE TWINS MURDER CASE. By Horace G. Hutchinson. (Murray: 7s. 6d.)
BEAU IDEAL. By P. C. Wren. (Murray: 2s.)
THE SECRET OF THE SAPPHIRE RING. By M. V. Woodgate. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)

YOU suddenly come across a piece of modern slang, and it is like being hit in the face. "Kentish was really coming it too strong altogether." So-and-so is "a bad egg." And there are silly little mistakes. Sir George Betts's family must have been singularly unfortunate for him to be the *eighteenth* baronet less than two hundred years after the baronetcy first came into existence. (Most of the characters, incidentally, have titles.)

AND then there is the story itself. In its general lines it follows the earlier career of the second Lord Melbourne, though neither he nor his relations and friends are given their right names. So the rather outrageous Lady Caroline Lamb becomes Lady Katherine Langley, Beau Brummell becomes Mr. Brundrett, and Byron Lord Faulconbridge. Very good—but Faulconbridge is not really Byron at all, and Lady Katherine is not the woman who ran after the poet. Yet they are not caricatures. Is this the new way of writing "near" history?

YET I like the book. It is on the long side, but the story carries you along. The portrait of Lady Mauldeth, the mother of the good-humoured hero whose misfortune it is that he is never quite ambitious enough, is excellent, and nobody will quarrel with Mr. Emerson's Prince Regent. There is depth, too, in the background. Depth, yes, but no grace. And that perhaps is what most of Mr. Emerson's great people lack. But the real folk of those days had grace and to spare.

R. S.

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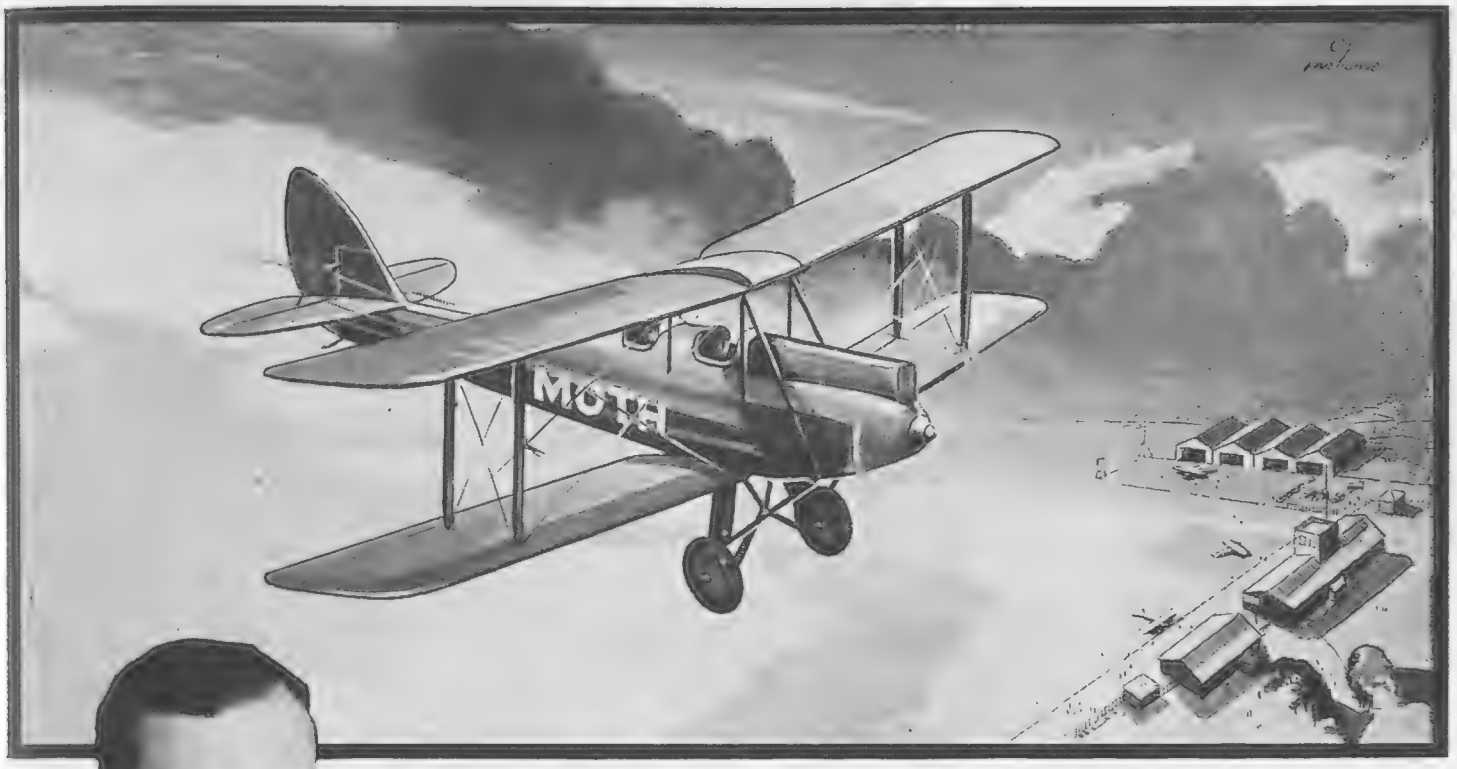

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DH. B.1.

How to Make Money at Bridge

IX—Big Hands that Go Phut

By "Aces Easy"

To play every hand to its maximum is, doubtless, the aim and ambition of every player; but how few accomplish it! The hard-luck merchant who never gets a hand is, nine times out of ten, merely the man who does not make the most of the cards he *is* dealt. But occasionally, I admit, the devil makes a personal appearance in his picture books—with disastrous results to the players—or some of them.

I HELD a hand of commendable power on one occasion, bid it on acceptedly correct lines and lost 800 points on it! I held the seven top Spades; chicane in hearts; ace, king, ten of Diamonds; ace, king, five of Clubs. I bid one Spade. The opposition bid Hearts and I was forced to five Spades. A double I greeted with joy, and redoubled, for I was quite prepared to double a small slam in Hearts.

UNDER the impression that I was chicane in Hearts, a Diamond was led—and ruffed. East believed, even as West, that I had no Heart and led the Club queen to weakness, hoping to sandwich my king between her and West's potential ace. I put on the king, which was ruffed by West. Another Club, another Diamond; a third Club, a third Diamond—I made my seven top trumps.

LATER the same evening I held every Heart barring the A, K, Q, 10. I held the Diamond tierce major and the lone Club ace. I bid four Hearts and was pushed (by a Spade call) to five; I went down two doubled—the trumps were all in one adverse hand. Even, as the late "dear Queen," "I was not amused"!

HOW often have you known K, J, x to sit over your A, Q, 10; or A, Q, 10 over your K, J, 9? There is nothing to do: not though you play with the skill of Lenz and of Whitehead. Take Don Quixote's advice: "Patience—and shuffle the cards!"

WHEN you have a big hand, however, do not be deterred by memories of past freaks from bidding it and playing it normally. Do not, for example, seeing eleven sure tricks in hand, bid only one of your long suit, lest you encounter a disastrous cross-ruff. This applies especially at Contract, where "slam" bidding is so vital. On such a hand as the first cited above, call six Spades at once. You are asking your partner only for a minor queen or the ace of Hearts and an original Heart lead. You may even make your contract with a pseudo squeeze.

On the second hand, four Hearts is the correct Contract call; if your partner holds the top Hearts he will realise at once you have a freak, and will raise you commensurately with his cards.

AT Contract, even more than at Auction, correct valuation and, on big hands, optimistic valuation is essential. There is only one thing more disappointing at the new game than missing a slam, having bid it, and that is making one, not having bid it when you could have almost legitimately done so. The other night, playing in bad luck, my partner bid one (Vanderbilt) Club—announcing three quick tricks and possibilities; followed a pass and I went to six No Trumps at once. It hinged on the position of the Club king whether I made 6 or 7. As I was *certain* of game, rubber and 1,000 points bonus, I was content to bid 6; but I estimate I lost 485 points on the hand for I made 7!

CONTRACT is becoming so universal now, and it has altered so much in the past few months, that I propose to devote the next two or three articles to passing the various schools: Vanderbilt Club; Demand of Two; short suit of two; no trump demand; pip counting; ace-showing; "natural play"; and the rest under review. This will be dispassionate exposition and I shall state in what manner I think it most profitable to pick the invoice.

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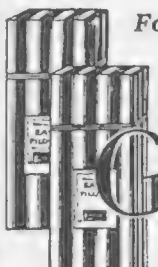

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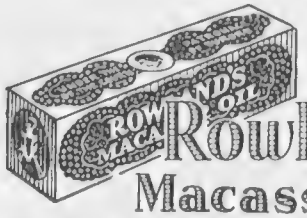

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THE LINCOLN

DOGS

It's Too Good To Miss By "The Kennelman"

Good St. Hubert has his own day, of course, and people cling to the notion that the August period that brings certain gallivanting of the stars, including Sirius, is somehow connected with Dogs. But in truth the Dog Days of our year come in early February and early October. Wednesday and Thursday of this week bring us the biggest Dog Show in the world: Cruft's, at the Agricultural Hall; and next October (8th and 9th) will bring the Kennel Club's eighty-ninth annual Show at the Crystal Palace: that classic Marathon of the Canine world.

Cruft's to-day and to-morrow is to beat all its own great records, and if you care at all for Dogs you should be there; for to miss it is to miss the biggest concourse of its kind in the world, a really wonderful parade of our finest Dogs in more than seventy breeds, and a golden opportunity of meeting the foremost doggy authorities and gleaning invaluable doggy lore. It's a great exhibition, too, of all the hundred and one canine accessories: foods, houses, medicines, clothing, pictures, books, and kennel domesticities—much too good to miss. Justice demands recognition of one other feature of this mammoth exhibition. Ever since it was first staged, in 1886, its benching and feeding have without one break been entrusted to the same expert hands: those of Messrs. Spratt's, the famous universal specialists for Dogs. Cruft's and Spratt's have grown together in the service of Dogdom to twenty times their magnitude in the eighteen-eighties; and for the next three years the same famous caterers are also to bench and feed the Kennel Club's Show in October.

Topical

Some six-month-old Deerhound pups from the Bridge Sollers Deerhound Kennels at Warren Row, near Henley-on-Thames. They are being shown at Cruft's Championship Show, which opens at the Agricultural Hall to-day, Wednesday

There's some mischievous rubbish written, and, unfortunately, printed, by folk one can't help thinking must know better, about Dogs said to be "dainty" or "difficult" feeders. Some of the advice given as to how their pernickety appetites may be tickled is so pernicious that it recommends serving food warm, and even salting and peppering it! Tut, tut, and marry come up! Never was a "dainty" Dog but some unwise human made him so. Never give salt to a Dog unless as an emetic. There is no condiment that is other than definitely bad for Dogs; and, except in illness, a Dog's food should always be served cold. Dry, crisp, hard food that calls for crunching, chewing, gnawing is what *all* Dogs need and should have; and where biscuit foods are moistened with stock—an excellent plan—they should then be given a spell in the oven to crisp them before being served: cold, of course. These, and not coaxing or condiments, are the principles of Dog-feeding.

Prevent Infection

FORMAMINT tablets destroy the disease germs in mouth and throat, thus curing Sore Throat and protecting you against infectious diseases, such as Influenza and Colds. Take a tablet whenever you are in crowded places.

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the greatest tribute that can be paid to any dog food manufacturers has been conferred on Spratt's, with entire charge of benching and feeding arrangements. For show dogs or just "ordinary" dogs there are no foods to compare with

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DELIGHTFUL IN SPRINGTIME.

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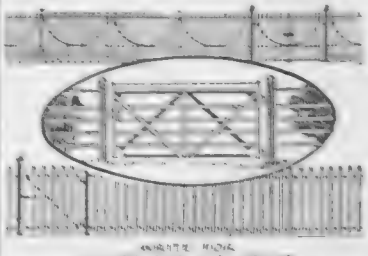

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SHOOTING NOTES

Central Press

The "bag" obtained as the result of a hare drive organised by Colonel Paisley, of Lake House, near Salisbury. They chose part of the Plain for their activities, and, as can be seen, enjoyed excellent sport

AN OVERPLUS OF STOCK PARTRIDGES — By "Clodhopper"

St. Valentine's Day is, usually, associated with the pairing off of partridges and, for that matter, with the early courtship of Dame Nature's furred and feathered subjects of the wild generally. Owing to an exceptionally open and springlike January, however, I observed more than one pair of partridges well before the close of game shooting, while I hear upon reliable authority of a vixen drawing the earths in a sunny, wind-sheltered Trentside covert, in preparation for her maternal obligations, though one does not usually expect to hear of fox cubs being dropped until about the third week in March. It is to be hoped that a belated visitation of severe weather will not upset the marital arrangements of the denizens of the field and covert. At the time of writing these Notes the climatic conditions in the countryside are so mild and vegetation is so advanced that, as the huntsman of one of the Midland packs of foxhounds remarked to me a few days ago, "Scent will soon be foiled by the damn stinkin' violets, if the weather don't harden up a bit."

On many sporting estates which carried a far greater head of partridges last season than for many years past there remains a considerable overplus of stock for breeding purposes. An infernal attack of sciatica having put me, more or less, out of action, I have been unable to either walk or ride very far abroad of late. Last week, however, accompanied by the head keeper, I managed to potter round a 4,300-acre shooting in which I have an interest, and which, incidentally, yielded last season an aggregate bag of considerably larger proportions than some more important partridge manors in the Midlands. Although no "walking up" was done on the shooting in question during September, a lot of heavy and systematic driving occurred from the first week in October to the middle of January, and, as before-mentioned, an exceptionally good total of partridges was killed. Nevertheless, during my recent visit to the higher portions of the estate I observed several coveys (one numbered fourteen birds) which had, apparently, never been broken up, or had lost very few of their original strength. Briefly, my cicerone, the keeper, estimated the number of partridges left to propagate the species for next season—including, of course, a considerable percentage of old and barren birds—was almost equal to the entire head of birds he was able to show his employers at the opening of the season of 1928.

Not only is this particular gamekeeper a thoroughly practical man of many years experience, but he is also an intelligent and keenly observant student of natural history and, consequently, learned in the habits and habitats of the game under his charge. He complained that, apart from the wonderful rearing period of last year, which resulted in a larger quantity of partridges being available for sport than the most optimistic of landowners and keepers ever dreamed of, the packing of the birds, owing mainly to lack of holding cover into and out of which the coveys might have been alternately pushed and flushed by the beaters in small lots, rendered driving both difficult and unsatisfactory. "In fact," said the worthy keeper, ruefully, "though we have killed more partridges this season than since I first took up my job here nine years ago, the total might have been very much greater if we could but have put the birds over the guns in decently small lots instead of in packs of a couple of hundred or more, as was only too often the case."

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

THE VERMIN CAMPAIGN

No matter how great the distractions of sport, vermin should be systematically trapped during the shooting season. To make the daily round when so many other things claim attention bespeaks energy that is not always forthcoming. However, the time is ripe for the annual intensive effort, and employers would do well to display personal interest in the proceedings. Inquiry may reveal a shortage of traps or even that manpower is inadequate for the number that ought to be put into commission. Staff in all departments of service is more inclined to carry on with the personnel and material available than to put in claims for extras or long-overdue renewals. If the trapping sites call for overhaul and reorganisation, a good deal of spade labour is needed which could best be provided by a temporary hand. Perhaps cartridges are served out in too meagre allowance for the work they alone can efficiently accomplish. It is astonishing what you can find out and how easily defects can be remedied once you realise that even the best served master has an incomplete establishment unless the master himself is alive to his responsibilities.

The Late Mr. Henry Holland

By the death of Mr. Henry Holland the gun trade has lost one of its most commanding figures. His firm, Holland and Holland, was remarkable in that it specialised equally in rifles and shot guns. In rifles they were always foremost in developments, and this over a period which might well be described as one of hectic changes. The shot gun has been a relatively stable proposition for about thirty years, but early in that period, and under Mr. Holland's personal initiative, the firm passed from dependence on a Birmingham firm, admittedly of unique talent, to ownership of the fine factory at Kensal Green. This is now very ancient history, but the passage of years has demonstrated the perspicacity which prompted a course rather adventurous at the time. Mr. Holland's intellect was above all else acute, and he used its highest powers in the service of big game shooters, who risk their lives in sport, and of the more homely sportsmen of our moors, coverts and fields, who are equally appreciative of fine instruments. As an organiser he believed in being served with understanding and initiative, hence the fine product of his very long career is assured of continued efficiency.

Fashions Fancies

Underwood Studios

FOR A MORNING IN SPRING

Nothing could be more attractive and suitable than this magpie ensemble from Peter Robinson. The coat, which is made of a new French fabric, shows a pinhead design and is discreetly lightened with touches of white, while the dress achieves the fashionable tucked-in blouse effect though it is actually cut in one from neck to hem. The top is made of patterned crêpe de Chine, and is softened by a graceful jabot

The Revival of the Cape By Olive Caley Smith

Demure and Debonair

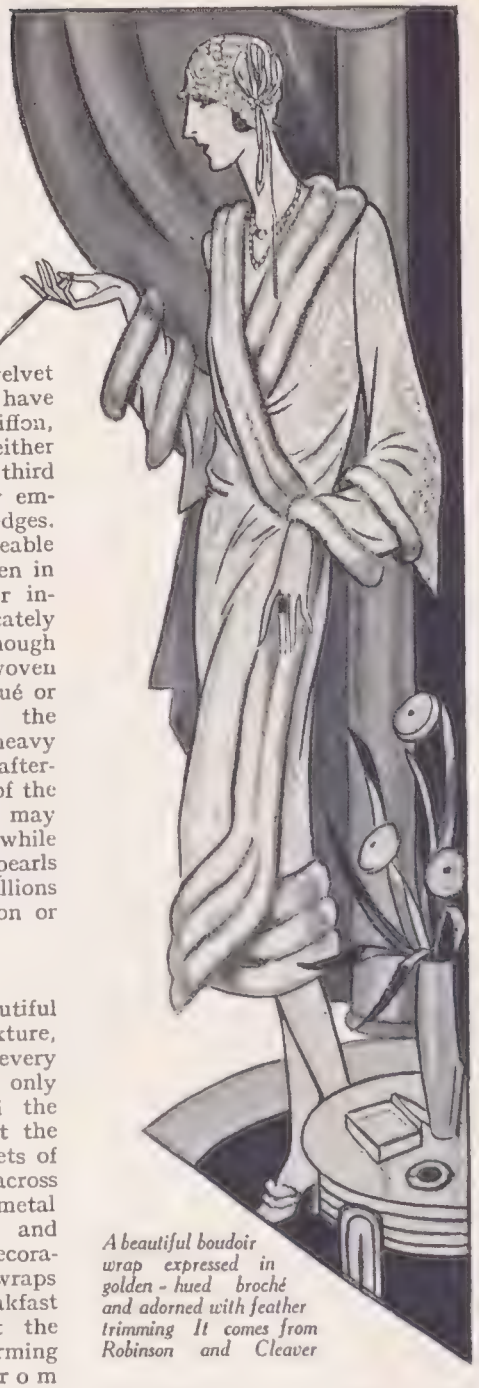
As important and "dating" as the length of the skirt are the new capes which accompany every sort of dress and wrap for formal and informal occasions. Their place in Fashion's scheme is definitely established, inasmuch as they are being used to counterbalance the extreme slenderness of the silhouette, for it has been found that narrow shoulders, narrow hips, and long skirts are inclined to confuse the issue between an appearance of slimness and one of insignificance! It is their versatility that makes them so attractive. Just an inch or two added or taken away, and they swagger where they were demure, or in some other way alter the whole character of the dress. Little box-pleated capes set into shaped yokes and tied across the front, falling to just below the elbow, accompany dresses of hopsack or fine tweed in light shades. Afternoon frocks and coats have divided waist-length capes, formed by panels of the material in varying lengths. Or they may have shawl collars which tie fichu-wise, and hang in soft folds.

Ruchings and Embroidery

MANY evening gowns are completed by threequarter or shorter capes of lustrous velvet, adorned with gathered and ruched bands, or sometimes with huge velvet flowers or loops of ribbon. Others have circular shoulder capes of lace or chiffon, edged with ruchings of tulle, and tied either on the neck or on one shoulder. Yet a third type hangs limply, and is exquisitely embroidered, a flared frill weighting the edges. Embroidery is another very noticeable feature of the new models. It is seen in diverse guises and at all times. For instance, morning dresses are so intricately tucked and seamed that they look as though they are patterned with narrow woven bands. Coat frocks have vests of piqué or sponge cloth, worked in vivid silks, the hems being bordered with rows of heavy stitching. The jabots and frills of afternoon models are edged with rouleaux of the fabric, like open lace, or the neck-line may be adorned with scintillating beads; while in the evening tiny brilliants, sequins, pearls of all sizes, and iridescent glass medallions are scattered on filmy gowns of chiffon or cobwebby lace.

Travelling and Boudoir Wraps

THE feeling for clothes which are beautiful in line, in workmanship, and in texture, is one that quickly spreads through every phase of dress, and it is, therefore, only natural that the boudoir wraps and the lingerie of the moment should reflect the influence of the daytime modes. Insets of delicately tinted lace trail across garments of satin and ninon, metal brocades, crêpe de Chine, and double georgette fashioning decorative and useful travelling wraps which are destined for breakfast wear as well. Sketched at the head of this page is a charming example from Robinson and Cleaver, of Regent Street. Expressed in golden-hued broché, interlined, and lined with jap silk, it is enriched with rows of feather trimming, a novel feature being the kimmo sleeves which terminate in deep cuffs. Georgette is used for the becoming boudoir cap, which has a tucked crown and a diadem of appliquéd lace.

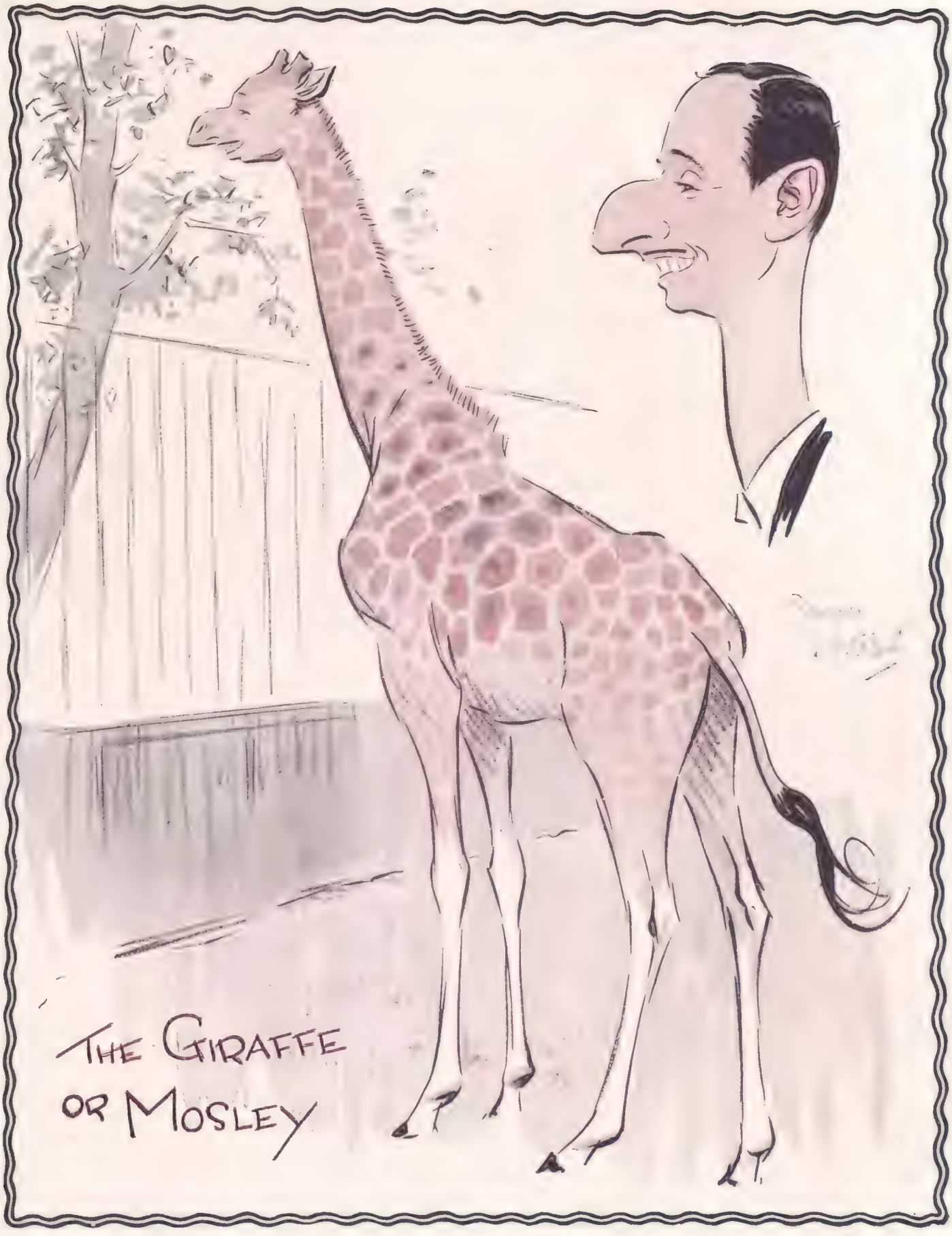


A beautiful boudoir wrap expressed in golden-hued broché and adorned with feather trimming It comes from Robinson and Cleaver

Lingerie must conform with the lines of the silhouette, and Madame Brenner here employs satin or crêpe de Chine and lace with excellent and decorative results

Correct Foundation Garments

IT is only of comparatively recent years that the art of corsetry has been studied. To-day no woman would dream of trying to adopt a new silhouette without first seeing that her foundation garments were specially designed to harmonise with the prevailing lines. Madame Brenner, the well-known corsetière, who has just opened a new salon at 22, Bruton Street, is an adept at moulding the figure into graceful lines, not through undue pressure and restriction, but by the skilful cutting of each of her garments, which give support where necessary, and thus prevent a great measure of fatigue. Made in crêpe de Chine, satin, or broché there are models for sports, day, and evening wear, shaped brassières or bodices of lace or net accompanying those which reach only to the waist. Nor must it be forgotten that she also specialises in lingerie, some slender new designs being sketched at the foot of this page. They are carried out in crêpe de Chine discreetly allied with blonde lace, the nightdress having an appliquéd yoke of unusual shape.



GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 11

This week George Whitelaw's Who's Zoo is embellished by the addition of that aristocratic, but whole-hearted supporter of the Labour Party, Sir Oswald Mosley, M.P. The fact that the artist shows him in the guise of a giraffe must not be taken to mean that he considers Sir Oswald has neck enough for anything!

"Have a Guinness with me"

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G.E.84

MOTOR NOTES

The giant airship, R100, at her mooring mast at Cardington. Some idea of its enormous size may be gathered from the fact that it is nearly a mile away from the 10 h.p. Swift "Migrant" Saloon, seen in the foreground

SOUTH TO SUNSHINE By E. M. Wright

THE Riviera is too famous to need advertisement. But there are probably many motorists who are still rather afraid of the long journey through France in winter, and consequently either postpone the trip altogether or else sink to the level of going by train. One of the by-products of the recent Monte Carlo Rally should be an increase in the number of those who go south by car. If competitors in this Rally, driving standard cars, could keep to a strict schedule over distances of 2,000 miles and more from as far north as Sweden and the Gulf of Finland, despite shocking roads and every kind of bad weather, how much the more feasible is it for the ordinary owner-driver to go south by comparatively good roads and in easy stages? Far from being deterred by the possibility of snow and other signs of winter en route, he should be spurred on; for do not epic tales of adventures in snow and mud, fog and ice but enhance the delights of that Lotus-land beside the Mediterranean where it is always afternoon? I do not for a moment suggest that those in search of sunshine should first taste the rigours of winter in northern Sweden, the Baltic States, or somewhere in Roumania; but surely it is a little un-British, a little chicken-hearted to be scared off the attempt by the possibility of a day or two of bad weather in getting there?

Shipping the Car

TRAVELLING south is a subject on which the proverbial volumes could be written, and it is none too easy to deal with it in one article. Here, however, are a few general hints that will help those who are minded to try. First of all there is the question of shipping the car to France. The Townsend motor car ferry service between Dover and Calais has been suspended since the beginning of the year, and the A.A. have lately been advised that the Southern Railway cargo boat for the conveyance of motor cars between the same two ports has also been suspended. Cars are now being transported by the ordinary night cargo boat service. Boats leave Dover daily from Monday to Friday at midnight and on Sunday according to the tide. There is no sailing from Dover on Saturday night. The return boat leaves Calais every day at four o'clock in the morning.

New Road Laws

MOTORISTS, too, should know the latest French road regulations. The R.A.C. has recently drawn attention to several important alterations, the chief of which is that traffic on the arterial roads, outside towns and villages, has the right of prior passage over traffic entering from secondary roads. Warning signs, consisting of an inverted triangle with the letter N on it, are being placed on all secondary roads near crossing points. In towns and villages, and where two roads of the same class cross each other, the former rule, namely, that the vehicle approaching a junction or a crossing from the right has priority of passage, still remains in force. They should also make sure that their lighting sets conform to the new regulations which have recently been revised and are very stringent.

Maps and Passports

THEN the A.A. have republished their French Service Map with improvements. These include more easily distinguishable road surface classifications, the addition of several cross-country by-ways linking the routes nationales, Continental port town plans, and full homeward shipping particulars. The A.A. foreign route service is concentrating upon international throughways to winter touring grounds and climatic resorts. Carefully "logged" and snow-free roads will be assured.

A Major Nuisance

Passports, permits de séjour and identity cards are still one of the major nuisances of post-war travel, but however much you may grumble you must have them. Those who intend going further south into Italy should remember that the City of the Vatican is no longer Italian soil. Foreign visitors must obtain a permit from the officials of the Holy See in charge of the entrance to the Vatican, a special permit being issued for a motor car. Collective permits are issued to parties, and if you intend making a number of visits you are able to obtain a permanent entrée.

The latest model Triumph "Tickford" Saloon, which can be converted from a closed car to an open one, or vice versa, in ten seconds

A Remarkable Long Service Record

Records of long and faithful service are almost a commonplace with the older established British concerns. Yet another one reaches me of an old 1912 Wolseley, which has just been scrapped after doing 250,000 miles. By far the greater proportion of this has been done in the last eight years of its life; for in 1922 this old veteran was fitted with a furniture delivery van body and has done no fewer than 160,000 miles in this capacity.

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

Street Accidents

THE brightest incident in the recent Street Accidents Conference was when the secretary of the Pedestrians' Association completely gave himself away. In order to show how desperate was the position of the pedestrian in London, and how brutal and murderous the motorist, he pointed out that pedestrians were killed three times as fast here as in Paris. Whether by accident or design does not matter; but he entirely omitted to point out that in Paris the pedestrian is strictly controlled by law, that "jay-walking" is an offence, and that, as everyone knows, traffic is faster and far less controlled than in London. Therefore, Mr. Foley's statement actually proves, if it proves anything, that it pays to control the pedestrian and speed up the traffic.

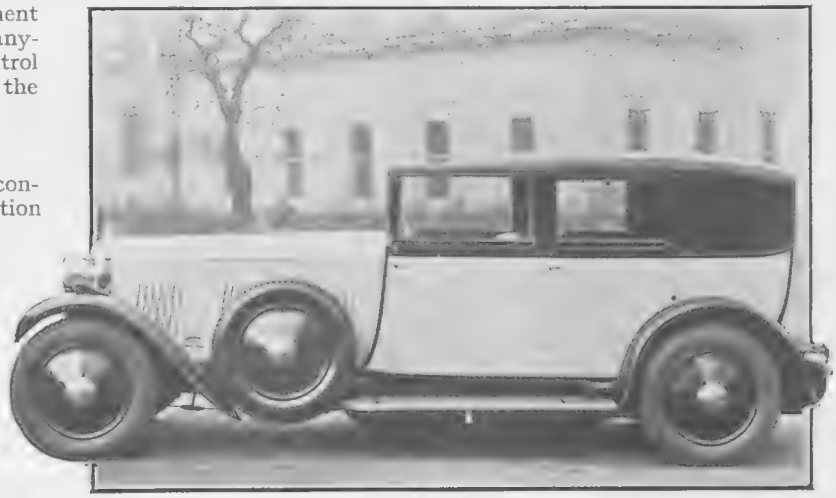
Speed Limits Again

THE worst feature of the conference was the resolution that speed limits should be retained in London. The main point against the speed limit is that it is the first thing the police resort to when they are ordered to take action against motorists. The brightest promise in the new Bill is the abolition of the limit, because this will force the police to turn elsewhere for a means of getting at the motorist; and the only thing they can turn to then is the dangerous driving clause. But if London is going to retain its speed limits it will be no better off than at present. The police have ample powers to take action against dangerous driving now, but a speed trap appeals to the police mind—a factor which people seem to overlook when discussing this matter.

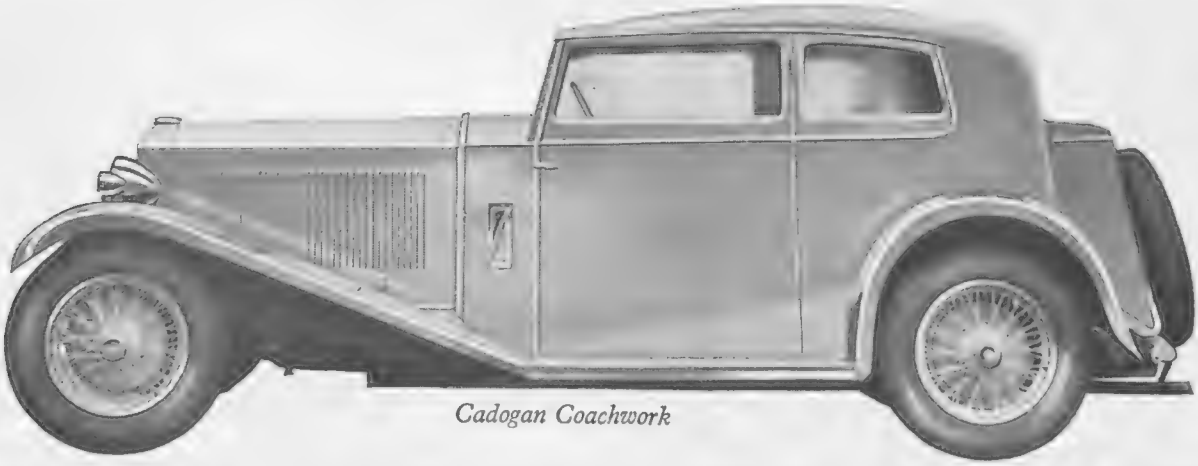
B.P. Orders

MOTORING gives direct employment to hundreds of thousands of workers. Factory hands, garage mechanics, accessory makers and those engaged in refining and distributing the essential petrol and oil—all owe their jobs to motoring. But probably a still larger number find indirect employment even in trades which at first sight appear to have nothing to do with motoring. Just recently, for example, the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., parent of the B.P. concern, has placed with British firms contracts amounting to £3,500,000 for ships and plant and machinery, which will give work to many thousands all over the country for over a year. The orders include six motor-driven oil tankers, besides the two vessels ordered just over a month ago. To distribute the work three are to be built on the Clyde and three on the Tyne. The orders for plant and machinery will benefit many different classes of industry and many different firms. They illustrate the extraordinary diversity of the requirements of the motor industry and trades allied to it. Contracts have been placed, for instance, with a tinplate manufacturer in South Wales and Imperial Chemical Industries, besides engineering firms specialising in storage tank and pipe construction.

E. M. W.



A "Hooper" Sedanca on Daimler Double-Six "30" chassis. It is the property of Mr. Joseph A. Mackle, a director of Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd.



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PINEAPPLE SALAD.

ICES.

OYSTERS DICK TURPIN.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Filets de Sole au Gratin

PLACE the fillets of fish on a buttered fireproof dish, and pour in half a pint of stock—or milk will do—and cook until tender. Drain off the liquid with 1 oz. of flour and 1 oz. of butter in the usual way, and pour it over the fish; shake over it some grated cheese, leave it in the oven for a few minutes to brown, and serve.

Braised Duck with Olives

PARTLY roast a good-sized duck, untruss it and cut it into neat joints. Line a stewpan with slices of streaky bacon, and a carrot, a turnip, one onion, a blade of mace, five cloves, and a little whole pepper. Add two gills of stock, half a pint of Espagnole sauce, and a wineglass of white wine. Simmer slowly for twenty-five minutes. Take out the pieces of duck and strain the sauce. Blanch two dozen French olives (stoned) and add them to the sauce. Dish up the duck on a croûte of fried bread and pour the sauce round.

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The menu of a lunch served at the Café Anglais. It is signed by M. Borgo, the maître d'hôtel

Creamed Aubergines

PEEL two or three aubergines, cut in thin slices, sprinkle with salt, and leave for half an hour. Then pour off any water from them and wipe the pieces. Place them in a casserole with 2 oz. of butter. Cover and cook for half an hour. Then add half a pint of white sauce, which has had two tablespoonfuls of cream added to it, and cook a few minutes longer. Season to taste and dish carefully so as not to break the slices.

Pineapple Salad

CUT as many round slices of pineapple as may be required, and put each slice in a salad bowl. Place upon each slice two or three sections of orange, freed from skin and pips, and fill the centre with finely shredded endive and celery. Next pour over the centre about a dessertspoonful of mayonnaise sauce, then cover with a little whipped cream, seasoned with a suspicion of pepper and salt, and serve.

Oyster Dick Turpin

TAKE as many large prunes as required, hollow them out, and remove the stones, and fill each first with a good pinch of pounded almonds, and then with a large oyster. A small piece of fat bacon should be wrapped round the prune, and the whole crisply fried.

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.
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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Valuable Guide

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., publish to-day, February 12, the sixth edition of Mr. John Parker's well-known book, "Who's Who in the Theatre." The work has been completely revised and brought up to date, and contains more than 1,700 closely printed pages. Nearly 500 new biographies have been added, and there are now between two and three thousand biographical notices embracing actors, actresses, managers, dramatic authors, composers, critics, scenic artists, designers, etc., in the United Kingdom and the United States. The volume also contains a synopsis of playbills from 1925 down to December 31 last; a list of the most notable productions of the London stage from the 16th century down to date; Royal Command performances; Dr. J. M. Bulloch's tables of hereditary theatrical families, British and American, numbering more than 100; an obituary list containing over 3,000 names; and a mass of miscellaneous information. A new and interesting feature, from the educational point of view, is the inclusion of the lists of Public School boys and University graduates, numbering some hundreds, who in recent years have adopted the theatre as a profession. No other volume devoted to the contemporary theatre contains such an incalculable number of facts and dates, and the book will be found to be the most comprehensive repository of theatrical data in existence. The price of the 1930 edition is 30*s.* net, and it is well worth while buying a copy.

A Riviera Magazine

A most fascinating magazine these days is the "Riviera," which is aptly described as the "Illustrated Monthly of Monte Carlo." It contains a series of interesting and topical articles, with a large number of portraits and photographs. In the opening pages are some charming pictures illustrating a series of "Beautiful Homes of the Riviera and their Owners." Sport is well represented, and there are some attractive studies of tennis stars and golf enthusiasts. A compact survey of the theatrical world sums up the merits of the various productions, and the latest books are briefly reviewed.

For the Cricketer

The name Wisden is a household word with cricketers of all grades, for John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack is recognised as an infallible mine of information on all matters relating to our national game. The sixty-seventh edition, edited by C. Stewart Caine, will be found to be as useful and as informative as ever, and includes a full return of last season's cricket in England, including the tour of the South African team. Among other features, Mr. A. Podmore, as last year, has dealt with the subject of Public Schools cricket, and Lord Harris contributes a special appreciation of the late Mr. C. I. Thornton. The price of Wisden is only 5*s.*

MR. JOHN PARKER

The Editor of that voluminous work of reference, "Who's Who in the Theatre." The sixth edition has just been published by Pitmans

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☞ *Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of* **"Facktative"** *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the* **FACKTATIVE CO. (Suite 64), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

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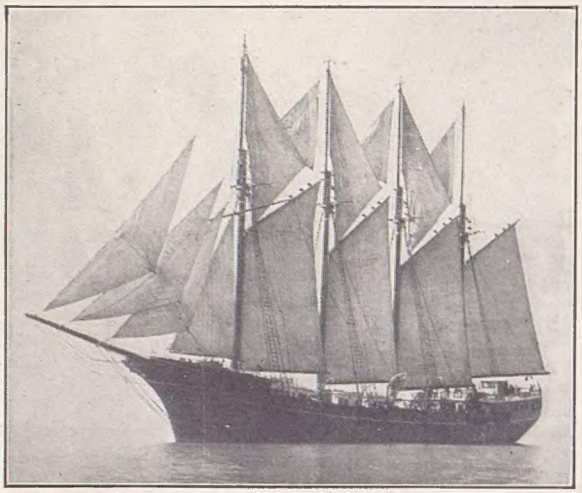

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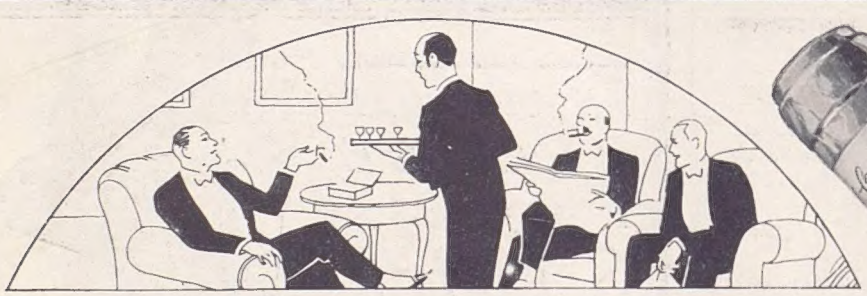

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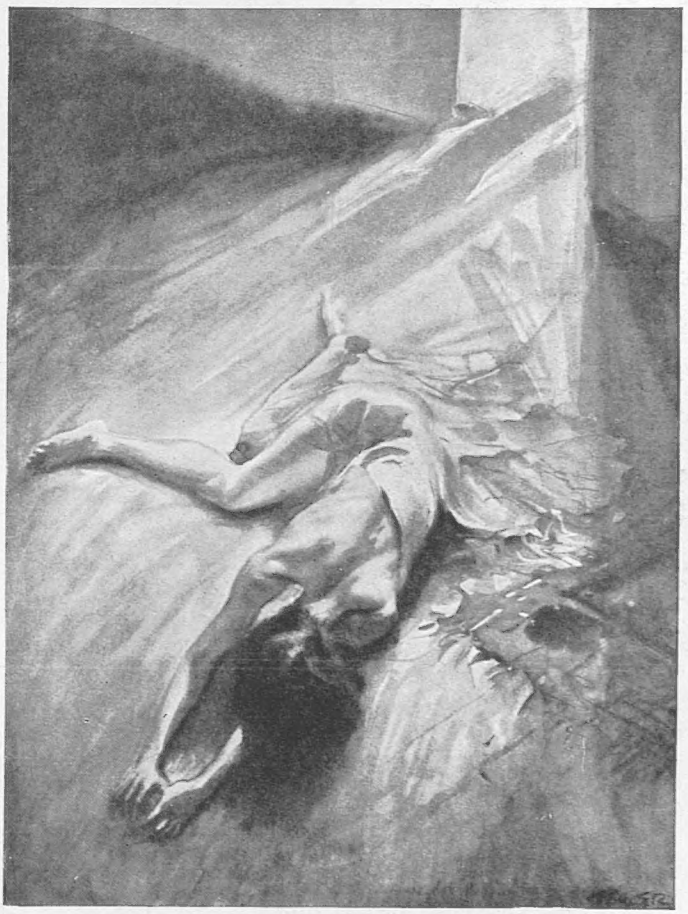

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